Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1663.

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THE BYSTANDER, DECEMBER 4, 1935.

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, December 4, 1935

No. 1668. Vol. CXXVIII.

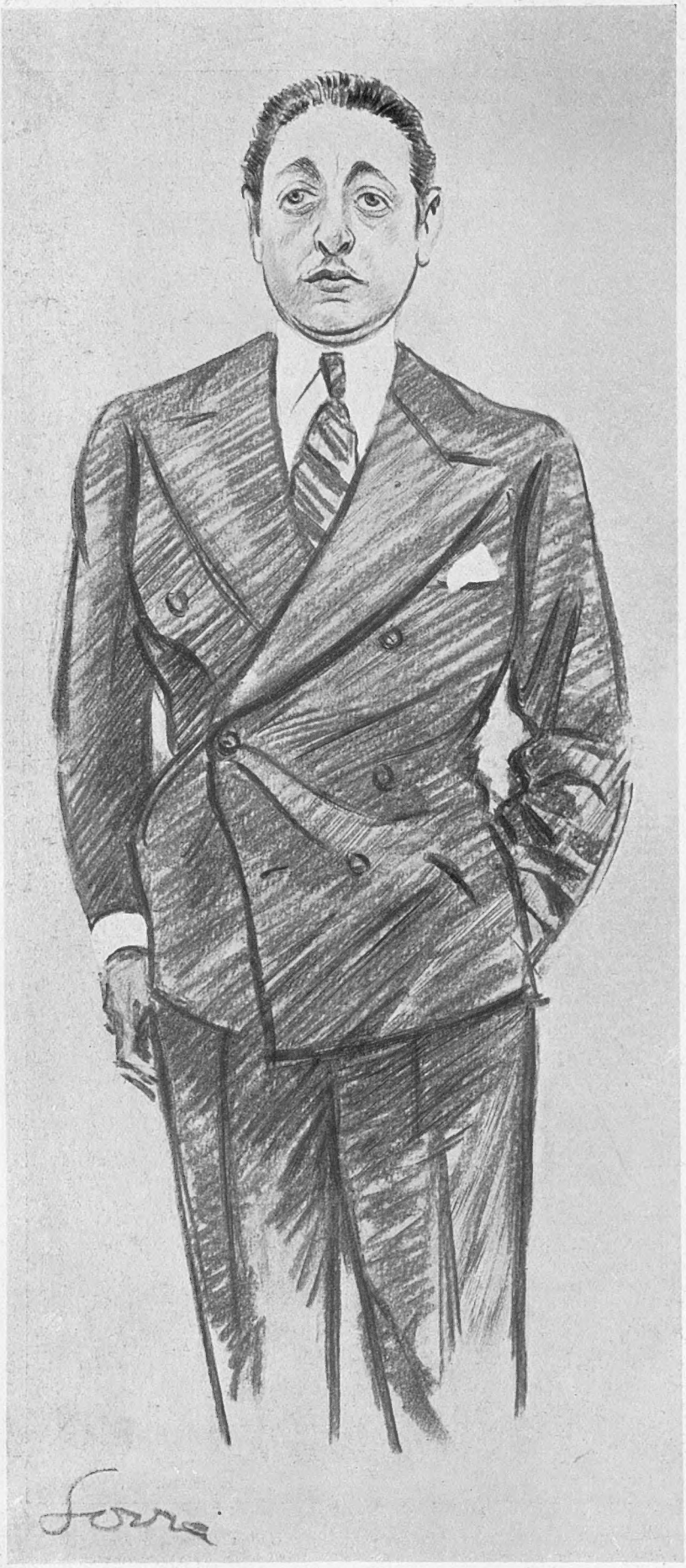
The BYSTANDER

John Everard

Ursula Jeans

Penelope in "Short Story" is an intolerable girl, but Ursula Jeans' clever acting does just give us a twinge of regret that the husband-snatcher from America has to make such a fool of herself. But with Marie Tempest to put Penelope in her place, all's fair at the Queen's, and anyway, Miss Jeans is great fun in her part, and as neatly attractive as any schemer from across the Atlantic. Her sister Isobel is having a huge success, too, in Ivor Novello's nonsensical farce, "Full House"

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO



No. 131

Jascha Heifetz

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

It was in 1917, after his first recital at Carnegie Hall in New York, that Jascha Heifetz woke up and found himself famous. He had escaped from Russia in a third-class compartment across Siberia, with sixteen other refugees, and arrived in America, by way of Japan and Honolulu, without knowing a word of English.

It was twelve years ago that he joined the immortals by dropping the Jascha and being known solely by his surname. To-day, at the age of thirty-four, he makes forty thousand a year on the radio and the concert platform. He has never appeared in a film, and hopes that he never will have to do so. With his side-whiskers and two-year-old moustache, large eyes and small hands he bears a fleeting facial resemblance to Michael Arlen. He has an admirable vocabulary—even for a Russian. He always travels with his ping-pong bats. He hates spinach and Press receptions. He collects old coins and first editions. He is an expert cocktail shaker, and, in fact, can do anything with his hands. These he has never insured, although he is a first-class mechanic and is never happier than when he is tinkering round the house.

At home he is the family handyman. He likes taking his car engine to pieces, fixing fuse-boxes, and running the greasiest possible auxiliary motor-engine in his sailing-boat. In fact, you could not possibly have anyone less affected or self-conscious.

By contrast, Heifetz abominates anything dishonest in his particular art. He cannot bear what he calls "monkey tricks" on the concert platform. And playing in public literally takes so much out of him that his weighing machine always shows that he has lost over two pounds in weight, and afterwards he has to sit bent for half an hour to recuperate.

Fortunately, because of the thousands of miles he has to travel each year, he is a very good sailor. He has experienced every known storm at sea and has an expert's ability to distinguish cyclones, typhoons, electrical storms, hurricanes, and tidal waves. Once, in the Yellow Sea, he was one of the only two passengers to come down to lunch. He is rather proud of that.

Heifetz speaks six languages, likes dance music very much if it doesn't try to be clever, hates draughts like the plague, and believes that a violinist's sense of humour should consist largely of an effort to laugh off a good criticism of himself.

Meantime he practises for at least an hour every day; has given up golf as being too bad for his temper; has a flat in New York, and a house with a wife (Florence Vidor) and two children in California; smokes American cigarettes; has become an American citizen, and if he can't get good old brandy, prefers whisky to anything else.

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

SIR BOLTON EYRES-MONSELL—VISCOUNT AND FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY

Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, whose title is, as we go to press, still unknown, is going to be very much in the public eye for the next few weeks, as head with Sir Samuel Hoare of the British delegation to the London Naval Conference. He had been going to retire from politics when he didn't fight this election, but Mr. Baldwin asked him to hold his First Lord's job at least till after the Conference. He has been at the Admiralty since 1931 as First Lord; before that he was Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury and a particularly successful and popular Chief Whip. He went into politics in 1910 as Member for Evesham (which he has represented till this election), having left the Navy four years before. But he went back to the sea in the war and became a Commander in 1917. He married Lady Eyres-Monsell in 1904; has a son and three daughters and a place in Worcestershire, Dumbleton Hall, from which, rumour says, he might take his title

Princess Helena Victoria went to the Red Cross Ball, and had Lord Castlereagh as one of her neighbours at supper. This was at the "high table," over which Lady Mary Herbert, as chairman of the ball committee, presided

Sir Victor Warrender was there, and so was Miss Terese Jungman. She had also been bazaaring earlier in the week at one of the Christmas Fairs, which compete for numbers with charity balls

The Hon. Peter Beatty and Lady Willoughby de Eresby were in the same party. Lady Willoughby de Eresby was Phyllis Astor, and is the sister of the new Member for Fulham

Lady Doria Childe, wearing a velvet, diamond-clipped skull-cap on her curls, had Count Paul Munster to talk to

The Red Cross Ball

Last Week's Big Charity "Do" at Grosvenor House

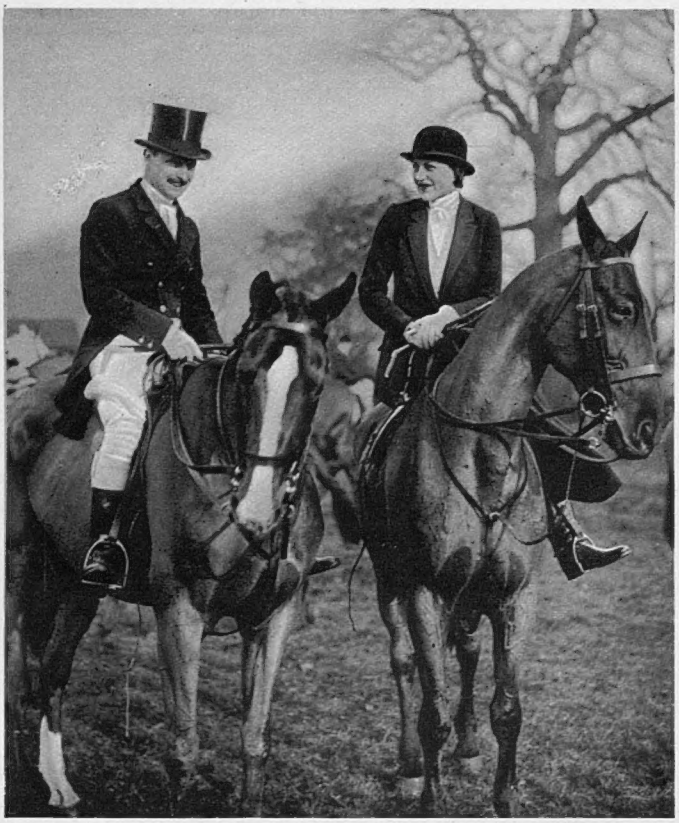
Lord Dufferin and Ava and Lady George Cholmondeley

Left: Lord Dufferin and Lady George Cholmondeley were two more of the guests at Lady Mary Herbert and Major Foster's large joint-party

Right: Lady Hambleden is with Lord Allendale; she and Lady Allendale were both on the patrons' list of the ball, which was in aid of the Clinic for Rheumatism

Newbury Committee Meeting

Lady Grenfell and Miss Lloyd were the check-suited couple of this paddock conference; the British-warmed third was Miss Mary Christian, The meeting was a jumping one at Newbury, a race-course that 's always decorated by plenty of attractive young women



A New M.P. Goes Hunting

The Hon. "Bill" Astor, who won East Fulham from J. C. Wilmot, was out with the Belvoir at Brentingby, and so was Lady Dorothy Head (Ashley-Cooper that was)

Out of London

Meets and a Jump Meeting

A Quorn Meet

Above: Mrs. "Flash" Kellett and Capt. the Hon. Arthur Hope, M.P. for the Aston Division of Birmingham, were at the Quorn meet at Hickling Manor

Right: Mrs. Ririd Middleton was on foot and her mother, Lady Violet Astor, was hunting the day the Quorn met at Hickling

Lady Violet Astor and Her Daughter

This Was Cottesmore

Lady Allerton (who was Mrs. Hope Whitelaw before she became Lord Allerton's second wife last year) and Mrs. Michael West were at the Whadborough Cross meet of the Cottesmore

Wedding Guests

The Hon. Eileen Brougham and Mr. Henry Cavendish were two of the crowd of guests who motored or trained down to Penn, in Buckinghamshire, to see the Kidston-Curzon wedding in the village church

Lt. Home Kidston and Lady Georgiana Curzon

Above : Lieut. Home Kidston, son of the late Capt. Glen Kidston, and Lady Windham, and Lady Georgiana Curzon, Earl and Countess Howe's only daughter, had a naval-country wedding at Penn, and a reception at the Curzon place, Penn House. Lieut. Kidston is in the Navy and had a best man and guard of honour of co-Lieutenants

Right : Lady Georgiana Curzon's bridesmaids were Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry and Mlle. Livia Paravicini. They were in white velvet, like the bride, with long blue-lined sleeves

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

THE fact that the younger members of our Royal family go out dining and dancing in various West End restaurants is an enormous fillip to trade, and means everything to the places concerned.

The Ritz, since its new lease of night-life, is especially favoured in this way, and scarcely a week passes that the Prince of Wales or his brothers and their wives, have not been there to applaud Charlie and the more or less Viennese cabaret.

Left in a Flash

LAST Tuesday the Prince of Wales arrived for supper with a party, the Duchess of York having been dining at a near-by table with a party of six, including Captain James Stuart and Major Tim Nugent. Although not an extension night, the place was packed, and we noticed Graham Ogden and his very pretty wife, that delightful young couple the Kenneth Thorntons (she was Angela Brett, and has inherited her mother's famous smile), and Captain and Mrs. Kellett, who dined early and left in a flash.

A Party Asset

SOMEHOW, too many men at a party is always a good idea, and when Captain Jolliffe gave a sudden dinner-party at Punch's Club last Monday, the unevenness of numbers was completely unimportant.

If men have to sit next to each other, they like it, but women, if there are men around, are apt to feel neglected.

John de Forest is a great party asset ; he tells ridiculous stories with an un-self-conscious air, and as if he wonders why he is so amusing.

Colonel Peter Combe, who was formerly in the " Blues " with the host, was there, also Mr. " Toby " Milbanke, Mr. John Hallet, and Mr. " Eddie " Tatham. Among the shortage of women were Lady Mappin, just out of a nursing home, Mrs. Simon Harcourt Smith, who has a flair for original and picturesque clothes ; Miss Connie Dawes, nineteen-thirty-six in up-to-date chic ; Miss Daphne Wedekind, an attractive ex-deb.

After this, some of the party collected themselves, and adjourned to the Café de Paris, where Mr. Heidsieck was giving a party, and where Mme. Alice Delysia was making her first appearance in cabaret.

She is a great artiste, and scored an immediate success. The Duke and Duchess of Kent were there that night, with Sir Adrian and Lady Bailey, the Duchess looking lovely in dark-blue velvet with long, hanging sleeves.

A Boy-Scout Act

THERE is scarcely a night on the calendar between October and March that there is not a charity ball, pageant, or dinner of some sort.

Try as we will, it is hard to maintain interest in them all by attending meetings, drinking sherry and badgering our friends to buy tickets.

However, some are fun, and become regular parties at which we can enjoy ourselves enormously while helping a deserving charity at the same time. There is a ball in aid of the War-Disabled Ex-Service Men's Association at the Dorchester on December 16th that is surely one of the most deserving of all. The Duke of Gloucester is president of the ball committee, while the chairman is the Marchioness of Londonderry. Tickets are only two guineas each, and for ten guineas you get one thrown in free and can give six people a really good evening, and know that you have done your boy-scout act for the day.

Flattery Pays

Miss Molly Bishop is a very clever girl, and not only as an artist.

Among her collection of portraits at the Breves Galleries, we found many a well-known face, and Miss Bishop knows that flattery pays. She idealises some of her plain sitters to such a degree that it is stupid for them to stand too near their own picture.

Three of her best portraits are of Lady Ashley, Lady Marguerite Strickland, and Mrs. Charles Sweeny, beauties it would be impossible and quite unnecessary to attempt to flatter. Of Lady Charles Cavendish, too, there is a lifelike and charming portrait, and there are many clever studies of children.

A High-Light on "Time"

For charm and "different" good looks, few women we know can touch Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth. We met her dining at Quaglino's the other night, in a party that included Mr. Douglas Fairbanks and Mr. Noel Bush, an intriguing American, who is one of the high-lights on *Time*, that much-imitated New York journal.

He told us that he had spent a week-end down at Athelhampton Hall, Mrs. Harmsworth's Dorset home, and while much appreciating the feudalistic charm of the house and its surroundings, he did not so much care for getting locked in a secret passage by mistake.

As Miss Mala Brand was a member of the house-party, and knowing her old-fashioned weakness for practical jokes, we ask ourselves about that mistake!

Major James Hare and Miss Diana Woodroffe

Mr. and Mrs. Ian Campbell

Above: Major James Hare, 60th Rifles, is the son of Major-Gen. Sir Steuart and Lady Hare, Diana Woodroffe is the younger daughter of Brig.-Gen. C. R. Woodroffe, of North Wells, Bembridge, I.O.W. They were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Left: Ian Campbell, the Duke of Argyll's heir-presumptive, has married Mrs. Louise Vanneck, daughter of Henry Clews, the American sculptor, of La Napoule, Cannes

Right: Capt. Charles Hilary Vaughan Pritchard, Royal Welch Fusiliers, and the Hon. Mary Monck, daughter of the late Capt. the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Monck, and sister of Viscount Monck, were married on Thursday at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Capt. Pritchard and the Hon. Mary Monck

A Sloe-Eyed Brunette

Directors of English films are getting pretty snappy, and the moment a newcomer shows the faintest sign of being any use to Hollywood, our home firms whip out their contracts.

We mentioned a few weeks ago that Mrs. Beryl Mills was receiving encouragement to go to Hollywood, and now, after only two or three days of crowd work here, Ralph Ince, the director of Warner Brothers, has given her a contract for an important part in a new film, *Bill and Son*, now in process of being made down at Teddington. If Beryl Mills films as well as she photographs she should certainly be a worth-while find. She is a tall, sloe-eyed brunette, and one of the best-dressed young women in Mayfair.

Jewels for Sale

On December 9th a sale of quite unusual interest will take place at Christie's. Magnificent jewels, described as being "the property of a lady," others of "a lady of title," and a third batch, the property of the late Miss Winifred Barnes, will be put up for auction.

It is sad to think of poor little "Baby" Barnes, who died last year at an untimely age. She was at one time the baby of the Gaiety chorus, but soon jumped to musical-comedy stardom, and played lead in several West End successes. She married Roy Faulkner and retired from the stage.

Best-Looking and Best-Liked

A fork luncheon that has nothing to do with charity is a novelty, and a better way of entertaining a number of people than a cocktail-party. Lady Moira Combe gave one on Thursday last to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of her marriage, and, we noticed, had very wisely covered up her dining-room carpet with a temporary drugget.

Audrey, the fourteen-year-old daughter of the house, appeared, and has an interesting mixture of the Combe and Clonmell good looks. She is nearly as tall as her lovely mother. Mrs. Carl Bendix was saying good-bye at this luncheon, as she is off to Switzerland at once with her small son; who has made a remarkable recovery from a very serious illness.

Pretty Mrs. de Klée we met here, too. She has almost red hair and rejoices in the nickname of "Bobbie." The best-looking, best-preserved and best-liked man of his age in all England, Sir Gordon Carter came to see what a fork

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON *(continued)*

luncheon meant, and Jean Combe, who wears a curly fringe with success, and has been sojourning for months in Biarritz and Paris, was also there.

A Far Cry

If you trip over a couple of black "Scotties" tied up in any restaurant cloak-room, you may know that they belong to Miss Jane Carr, the stage and film star, who is at present engrossed in rehearsing for Mr. Cochran's new revue, due in Manchester on December 23rd.

We found Miss Carr and her Scotties lunching at the Ivy the other day, and heard for the first time, being backward in stage gossip, that Miss Claire Luce, back from extensive wanderings in Russia and America, is starring in this new production.

Also, that Oriel Ross, now the Countess Poulett, is to be the principal boy in a Manchester pantomime. A far cry, surely, from the tenants' ball at Hinton that we heard of last week. However, variety is the spice of life, and matters almost more to-day than it ever did.

The Douglases Back From America

Above: Robert Douglas and his wife, Dot Hyson, got back to London from New York a week or so ago. They are probably going to do John Van Druten's play, "Most of the Game," over here before long

Below: Mrs. Charles Sweeny looking at her own portrait in the exhibition Molly Bishop had last week at Breves Lalique Galleries, New Bond Street. Most of the sitters turned up for the private view to be compared with their likenesses

Mrs. Charles Sweeny and Her Portrait

Last Week's Engaged Couple

The Hon. Patricia Berry, Lord and Lady Camrose's third daughter, and Roger Chetwode, only son of Field-Marshal Sir Philip and Lady Chetwode, announced their engagement last week

An Endorsed Door

There were more really pretty women at Lord Donegall's cocktail-party last week than we have seen for ages. Madame Sokal, for one. She is Dutch, blonde, and quite beautiful; Mrs. Goldman, substitute German for Dutch, otherwise same adjectives apply; Jane Falcke, June Portman and Pat Charles, three quite English lovelies. The slender Marquess gave this party to celebrate his recovery from a mild, but depressing, attack of jaundice. The door of the bar in his flat is amusing, being covered with the signatures of everyone who has ever visited the flat in the last five or six years. It has a certain pathetic interest too. We noticed at least seven names of quite young people who have died in those few years; three from air crashes, one a motor smash, and the others of ordinary illnesses.

A Diversity of Attractions

There are so many cocktail-parties every evening just now that it is impossible to fly in all directions between the hours of six and eight o'clock.

A diversity of attractions last Thursday evening included invitations from Kathleen Countess of Drogheda, Mr. Rex Colclough, in Portland Place, and Mr. Edgar Granville in Westminster. We decided on the latter, and in Catharine Street discovered Mr. and Mrs. John Spencer, Mrs. Horlick and her sister Pamela Nicholl, also an attractive German Baroness who has stage and film aspirations, and whose name we hope to discover for you by next week.

Makes Everyone Laugh

Thursday nights at the Savoy are a tradition. Mr. Percy Johnson was seen to be entertaining a large party there last week, including the Quintin Gilbeys, Mrs. Dunkley, Irene Mann-Thompson, Lord Waleran and Lord Malden, son of Earl of Essex. Quinney Gilbey makes everyone laugh, Mrs. Dunkley was smothered in white foxes, Lord Waleran had an enormously bound-up hand, and Lord Malden works in, and, we think, owns, an auctioneer's business in St. Martin's Lane, and that 's all a looker-on can tell you about that party.

Lady Plunket, as usual, was one of the prettiest women in the room. Another we noticed being Miss Janet McGrew, dancing with that popular American, Mr. Bob Foster.

MISS PEEPS

The Proprietors of the Bystander offer their sincerest apologies to Captain the Rt. Hon. David Margesson, M.P., for publishing a statement in the issue of the paper of November 6th that he—"Avoids flippant Mayfair, but designing Mammas want him to marry again." Captain Margesson is already married, and naturally takes the strongest exception to this statement. In tendering our regrets to Captain Margesson we hope that he will forgive the annoyance which this statement must have caused.

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

MLLE. SYLVIA REGIS DE OLIVEIRA

Here is a new portrait of one of the most attractive "pendants" of the Corps Diplomatique. Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira is the daughter of the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. Regis de Oliveira, has a hundred friends, looks lovely, is both intelligent and charming, and often goes about with her father, especially to concerts and film first-nights

Yehudi Menuhin Practises a New Sonata

With the Composer and His Sister

Yehudi Menuhin's Albert Hall recital took place last Sunday, to the usual packed and rapturous audience. This young man has been from his first days as a violinist not only a prodigy but a spell-binder, a musician who brings to hear him not only music-lovers, but also the listeners who don't buy a concert ticket except for the imagination-stirring effect of some individual virtuoso's playing. Menuhin is turning his back on all that for two years, and going into retirement on his father's new estate in the mountains behind San Francisco, to study, to contemplate, to find himself anew after the bewildering succession of tours, triumphs, railway journeys, ocean voyages of the last year or two. Before that, and when he gets back from Italy and Spain and Portugal, where he has gone since Sunday, he is giving one more concert in London, on January 14th, at the Queen's Hall, when he and his pianist sister, Hepzibah, are playing together as they did last year. It is then they play the new Enesco sonata on which they are working in the photograph on the left. Enesco, the composer, who sits at the piano, is also Menuhin's teacher

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

Husbands in Peril on the Sea

"Short Story" (Queen's Theatre)

THE story may be short but it is also sweet in the best ethical sense. It sets forth the triumph of virtue and marital love over the brazen passion of a younger generation without the law. In spite of the fact that Georgina Leigh (Marie Tempest) has been in her day one of London's most loved and successful actresses, she has settled down happily and peacefully with her husband, Simon (A. E. Matthews), in rural Kent, where, if she does not actively garden, she at least encourages her roses to bloom. This happy middle-aged couple adopt the wise plan of spending a few weeks' holiday apart. Simon feels the call of the sea and goes off on a cruise, which, as it turns out, bores him so he cuts it short and returns home overland after three weeks. Very gratifying to his wife.

Penelope Marsh (Ursula Jeans) is a designing Miss who won't take "No" for an answer

THEN we have the pleasure of meeting their week-end visitors, a film star, Mark Kurt (Rex Harrison), and Lord and Lady Bucktrout (Cyril Raymond and Sybil Thorndike), he with a catholic taste in beverages, while on the road he is a speed-merchant of the worst type. His wife, a former Gaiety girl, has adapted herself with some success to her higher walk in life. This part is delightfully played by Sybil Thorndike with a real sense of character. How enchanting this actress can be in comedy parts which, if I may say so, suit her so much better than the woes of Trojan Women.

Left: Georgina Leigh (Marie Tempest) is not only an ex-star—she is very nearly an ex-wife

THE noble pair bring with them an American girl, Penelope Marsh (Ursula Jeans), whom, for a consideration, Lady Bucktrout is chaperoning for the season.

We now see the leaven of virtue getting to work. Penelope and Simon were on the cruise together, the moonlight on the Mediterranean did its stuff, and Simon, I am sure much to his own astonishment, was a naughty boy. But the moon waned and Simon's passion with it, he fled to his home and his Georgina, leaving a very foolish letter for Penelope. As the author of romantic novels he must have known this would lead to trouble. The scheming American minx is determined that the affair shall be carried through in all seriousness, complete with divorce and subsequently a nice great wedding, attended, she hopes, by his first wife wearing a sad, sweet smile of resignation. But she reckoned without her Georgina, who comes out top dog in the end, though not before the repentant Simon has had a devil of a time getting himself clear of the trouble he made for himself.

IT is a thin little play, beautifully produced by Tyrone Guthrie, but it has some very good lines, and situations that occasionally lapse from amusing comedy into rather deplorable farce.

Marie Tempest is, of course, the supreme attraction (Sybil Thorndike intervening), and displays her usual clever technique and charming personality.

Sketches by Rouson

The Fight for a 'Phone: Miss Flower (Margaret Rutherford) resorts to rough measures to the discomforture of Mark Kurt (Rex Harrison) and the amusement of Lady Bucktrout (Sybil Thorndike)

Simon Leigh (A. E. Matthews) is not a courageous soul—in fact, he's a poor fish

Lady Worthington-Evans

Sir Shirley Worthington-Evans's fair, attractive wife is chairman of the St. Andrew's Eve Ball committee, and was sketched at a meeting when bands, suppers, cabarets, and ticket-selling were on the agenda

Miss Bunty Soames

Bunty Soames, who came out a year or two ago and is well trained to that sort of thing, is the deputy chairman of the St. Andrew's Eve Ball junior committee

Round the Town

Faces Seen By Molly Bishop

Miss Claire Davidson

Yet another St. Andrew's Eve Ball "executive" is Claire Davidson, who's the junior committee chairman, and very efficient at it. The Ball is on December 9th at Grosvenor House, and is in aid of the Royal Free Hospital (Scottish Women's Hospital Association)

General Ezio Garibaldi

Is nothing to do with St. Andrew's Eve, but was at a very diplomatic cocktail-party Mme. de Gripenburg gave in her Bryanston Square house. The Italian General is a grandson of the great Garibaldi

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

WELL, it seems our old buddy A. P. Herbert, *did* get in for Oxford University after all as an Independent National, whatever that is, and he still seemed a bit dazed about it when one of the newspaper boys interviewed him the other day. We dare prophesy he 'll be so sick of the House of Commons and its hothouse babble in a few months that he 'll wish to Heaven he 'd never chanced his arm. We dare aver equally that it 'll be meat and drink to Beverley Baxter, M.P., late Canadian editor of the *Sunday Express*, more recently Director of Public Relations to Gaumont-British. The sons of Empire like talking. Mr. Baxter will be as happy and as busy as a beaver in a brook. Our A. P. H., however, might usefully forearm himself against inevitable disillusion by asking two former eminent literary M.P.s, Hilaire Belloc and A. E. W. Mason, how they liked the House. Mr. Belloc, having spent most of his brief and tempestuous Parliamentary career in trying to dig noisome politicians out of the burrows in which they had taken refuge after this or that unsavoury affair, threw up the hopeless game in disgust. A. E. W. Mason, we believe, was merely bored to death, as any master of the thriller would be. Augustine Birrell wasn't happy in Parliament, either: while making that sad mess of the Irish Secretaryship he must have longed perpetually for his pipe, his slippers, his beloved books, and the quiet kindness of the Norfolk air. How the sweet poet Marvell felt about it some 300 years ago we can't imagine. He was M.P. for Hull, of all places. The only British man of letters who seems to have really loved the Parliamentary game was Mr. Gladstone; but he, as you may have heard, was under the fixed lifelong conviction that he was the chosen mouthpiece of the Almighty, which makes a difference.

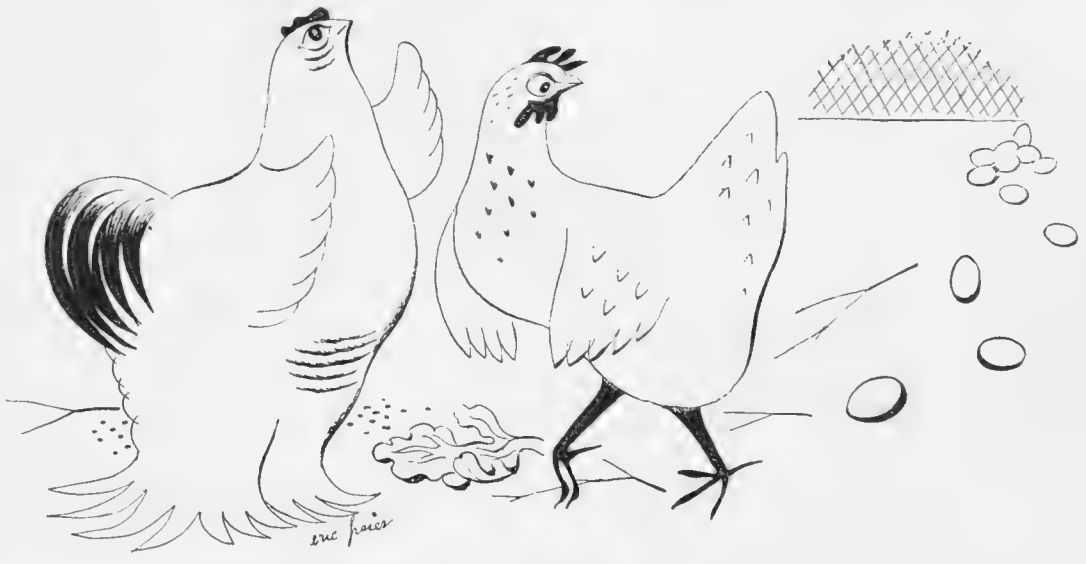
Not So Green

IT 's to be hoped—isn't it?—that the landslide which has submerged the distilleries of the Grande Chartreuse, near Grenoble, won't mean that green Chartreuse will go up in price. French Governments play a curious game with the monks of this huge and ancient house. From time to time Radical-Socialist anticlericals in power expel them from France. Then, since the Carthusians alone have the secret of the true Chartreuse, their only means of support, their experts have to be recalled, as they are now, from exile in Tarragona, during the distilling season. Meanwhile the great eleventh-century monastery founded in the Alps by St. Bruno is a perpetual source of worry to the Government, becoming more and more dilapidated in the absence of its rightful owners, and, since it 's a national monument, being a heavy public charge. Once or twice the Carthusians have been offered complete future immunity if they 'll come back altogether and carry on as before; but they 're not such fools. They know only too well that six months after they 're back a new Radical-Socialist Cabinet may turn them out again. If they did return permanently, the price of Chartreuse might conceivably go down a bit, which wouldn't affect us personally, not having a sweet palate, but might make all the difference to a big business after-luncheon deal at the Savoy.

Admire the mysterious interdependence of things in this life below, and the curious nature of cause and effect! A French anticlerical politician's favourite mistress deceives him; in a fit of berserk rage he interpellates the Cabinet on some crucial point; the Government falls; the next Government recalls the monks to the Grande Chartreuse; the restaurant price of green Chartreuse falls by threepence; Sir Pongo Grumbletooth in the City gives his guest from Berlin an extra glass after lunch, and a big deal is provisionally concluded. The French Cabinet suddenly falls, and its successor immediately expels the Carthusians. Green Chartreuse goes up, Sir Pongo's Berlin guest, resuming the deal, gets only one measly glass after luncheon, the deal falls through, Sir Pongo shoots himself, and his gardener in Surrey gets the sack. The gardener's eldest daughter, Gertie, who has to go on the stage for a living, having no brains, meets a half-witted peer, marries him, and gives birth to a crack flying ace. What an unrolling of events! Lord! we could go on for ever, drawing from you now a smile, now a tear.

Nude

FAR be it from us to accuse the dignified National Gallery authorities of stooping to dubious modern advertising methods, but we couldn't help noticing, as we hurried past the other morning towards Pall Mall, that out of all the treasures in their collection they 'd picked out a large photogravure of the Velasquez Venus to hang in a frame on the façade as a bait for the passer-by. There she lay, voluptuous and naked and at ease, looking in the mirror held by a Cupid and displaying her opulent posterior with



"My dear, how too *perfectly egg-making!"*

THE PRESS-GANG

No. 4—The "Tailor and Cutter"

MY clothes, I am sorry to say,
Don't make an immaculate show,
In fact, they 'd cause grief and dismay
To experts who haunt Savile Row;
So before I let things go so far
That I look only fit for the gutter,
I fancy that I 'll just peruse for a while
The views of the *Tailor and Cutter.*

My faith in this journal is great,
For its hints I have nothing but praise;
I love to see how it will slate
Clothes pictured by famous R.A.s.
At Burlington House it takes notes,
Then scathing reproofs it will utter,
For errors in dress are not hidden, I guess,
From the scribes of the *Tailor and Cutter.*

I yearn to receive its O.K.,
But cash is so short, I opine
I 'll still wear for many a day
My suit that 's all bulges and shine;
But maybe I 'll just chance my arm
And unto its Editor mutter,
"Please, kind sir, have you any suits for review
At the jolly old '*Tailor and Cutter*'?"

B. W.

lazy grace and abandon. We saw an old lady from Potters Bar glance at the Spanish hussy and purse her lips very significantly, and a little group of connoisseurs in bowler hats and sad moustaches were keenly attracted by Velasquez's brush. Naturally the National Gallery people well know, as we know, that if it had been a Fra Angelico the piefaced and apathetic public wouldn't have given it a glance. They can't therefore be blamed altogether for picking out their juiciest lure. All we hope is that when the lure-value has worn off they won't be forced to descend to displaying this same Velasquez with the caption: "What Tommy Saw in Seville."

Little Magic

LAMENT a moment the passing of Mr. Henry Key, of Freethorpe, last of the Norfolk wart-charmers, who died the other day. Mr. Key had the hereditary country gift of charming away warts. In many cases, it seems, he had merely to fix a given wart with his eagle eye and it vanished a few days later. We 've never been warty ourselves, but our old nurse, who suffered that way, impressed us deeply in our infancy by a long and graphic relation of her visit to a "wise woman" of gipsy blood in Lincolnshire 'way back in the 'eighties. The wise woman mumbled a charm, snaffled her sixpence, and the warts disappeared. This same aged rustic crone, witch, sorceress, or thaumaturgist, also retailed a love-charm which began something like: "Nebrakadabra feminimun! Amor me solo! Yilo el nebrakadabra!"—which may not be even passable Latin, but seemed to satisfy the lovesick swains of those savage parts at sixpence a go. In later life we tried to trace the origin of this cabalistic formula, but it seems to be gibberish wrapped in age-long mists, most likely a relic of the mumpers and gipsies who thronged the old roads. Superstition of this kind lingers still in odd corners of the rural scene, despite the toughest efforts of the B.B.C. and of compulsory education, so-called. In a remote Cornish farmhouse a few years ago we saw an old smoke-blackened doll on a mantelpiece with bright new pins sticking in its heart. The dark and secret natives, one of them an itinerant evangelist, wouldn't tell us anything about it, but we knew it at once to be the immemorial means of destroying an enemy by magic at long range. The natives had a wireless set in the parlour and tuned-in regularly to Paris, but that made no difference to their simple, homely trust in ancient devilries.

Do B.B.C. dons ever ponder these curious things, we wonder? All their complacent whifflings and squeakings about Modern Science and the march of Progress, and tralala, and tralala—wouldn't it make just as much difference, humanly speaking, if somebody stuffed their heads in a bag?

Big Boy

THE job of City Marshal of London having to be filled this month by the Court of Common Council, we take it that its new occupant will be some stalwart of impressive presence like Captain Derek Massy, retired. Picturesque survivals like this deserve attention in this drab age, and we 're periodically sorry the decorative Dymoke family right has lapsed. As King's Champion a Dymoke in armour attended every coronation up to George IV.'s on horseback and flung down his gauntlet, loudly challenging to mortal combat anyone who denied the King's rights. Next to these two ancient offices we cherish that of City Remembrancer, whose difficult case A. A. Milne examined with great comic verve in the days before he went all sweet and whimsy. The City Remembrancer, according to Milne, has a devil of a job whispering a few frenzied facts about famous City guests—literary ones especially—behind the Lord Mayor's back at receptions. In the particular

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

case cited by Milne the guest was Thomas Hardy, on whose master-work, *Death and the Doorbells*, the Lord Mayor warmly if hastily congratulated him. It 's obvious that the City Remembrancer and Mr. Pelman must be firm friends, refreshing each other's memories over the walnuts and port and reciting long extracts from *Debrett* and *Who 's Who* by heart. That is, if the original Mr. Pelman wasn't assassinated towards the end of the late Great War, as E. V. Lucas predicted, by politicians who deplore long memories. Was he, or wasn't he ? His successor might remember, possibly.

Pierrot (Yawn)

George Bishop, of the *Sunday Times*, president of the Critics' Circle, invited Mr. George Bernard Shaw to attend a luncheon given the other day to foreign music critics visiting England. As might have been expected, the tireless old gentleman replied facetiously, in writing : " The Foreign Office only want to create or aggravate hatred between nations by inflicting British music on them." The average fourth-form schoolboy would have been just as foolish *and* probably much funnier, and we think Mr. Bishop, who explained later to the Press, that " G. B. S. is a wag who must have his joke," was ridiculously—nay, humiliatingly—lenient. It seems to us, everything considered, that it 's high time somebody had the courage to tell Mr. Shaw in writing that he isn't very funny. He 's been trading so long on English unsophistication and stupidity that he just doesn't know it 's about time now for the funny business to stop. If there were any truth in his latest gibe we wouldn't care a hoot, but when one thinks of brilliant people like William Walton, Arnold Bax, Constant Lambert, Berners, Goossens, and half-a-dozen other British musicians of the moment, with or without European reputations, it becomes sheer childish silliness. Is there anything, do you think, more pathetic than an elderly acrobat industriously performing tricks which have long since failed to please ? On the Continent they put Mr. Shaw in his place years ago. If we weren't so meek and easily impressed, Mr. Bishop would have countered with a very simple onomatopæic retort, barred for some reason at the Palladium but useful enough for all ordinary purposes.

" Would it be capitalistic to ask for another piece of cake ? "

All 's Well With the World

As we were picking our way glumly across the Strand by Charing Cross towards lunch time the other morning, not feeling very well after a harmless romp with certain inhabitants of the village the evening before, we were cheered by an oddish spectacle. A thick-set man in brown plus-fours and a tweed cap was approaching us. Quite an ordinary looking round-faced Nordic citizen, except that his entire face was brightly tattooed in circles and sworls of red and green and blue, like the face of a Maori chief. We must ask you to take our word as a gentleman and a taxpayer for this. The entire face ; a quite ordinary dull English face ; and it wasn't paint, either, it was real tattooing. Did he do it years ago for a May Day frolic, or to amuse a bedridden aunt, or was it just the result of a vow sworn to some sweet, true woman ? We bet he 's surprised and sorry every morning now when he shaves, anyway. Going down into the Underground, meditating on this extraordinary sight and feeling better already, our glassy eye caught sight of a financial paper's poster saying : " MY FAITH IN OIL SHARES, BY CANDIDUS," and that made us *really* glad and happy. Every man who has the courage to stand up unashamed and proclaim his religious faith in a world full of cheap cynicism and confusion and whirling imbecility has our admiration and respect. We shouldn't wonder if Candidus was a bishop or something. Anyway, our gloom vanished, our eye sparkled, our headache fled, and we were so gay and effortless at luncheon that a hideous rich woman has asked us down next week-end. The Bystanders.

" I 'm not quite happy about the brush "

FILMS of the DAY

By GEORGE CAMPBELL

"La Bandéra"

Left: Annabella and Jean Gabin are the stars of "La Bandéra." The film deals with life — and love — in the Spanish Foreign Legion, and is being shown for a season at the Curzon

Below: James Cagney as Danny O'Hara has a hundred per cent. tough guy part in "The Irish In Us," the new Warner Bros'. film at the Regal. Here he is, just before the start of the fight that adds punch to the picture

"The Irish In Us"

SOME people—even his admirers—think of James Cagney as just another tough guy. His name conjures up visions of an aggressive Irish face, a machine-gun torrent of woids, swift rights to the chin, knock-outs delivered with the head to the stomach. The announcement that he would play Bottom in the Reinhardt-Warner-Shakespeare production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was received with shouts of laughter and many a knowing wisecrack. The fact that he walked away with the picture is now history.

THE truth is, I suggest, that Mr. Cagney is a first-rate actor—strong, versatile, witty and subtle. The vicious young gangster of *The Public Enemy*, the hero of *G-Men*, the comedian of *A Perfect Week-End*, the sullen recruit with a grouse against the world, and now the lighthearted, lovable young scallywag of *The Irish In Us*—they are all Cagney, but a Cagney subordinate to the needs of the picture.

THE fundamental fault of the star system is that ordinarily it is based on a fallacy—that the part is greater than the whole. This necessarily involves a distortion of plot, theme, and characters in what are supposed to be the interests of the star. In fairness to the producer, it has to be admitted that this is apparently what the public want. If Garbo came out with a staggering performance in the Bergner manner, or Bergner ("contours by Clarkson's") gave us a perfect Mae West, their versatility might be applauded by what the trade laughingly calls "lay critics," but the fans wouldn't like them. The star's name is like a trade-mark on a package—a guarantee that the goods are of a certain type and of a certain quality. The public pay for the goods as advertised. If the goods prove different, they complain. And in film production, as in other artistic fields, the customer is always right.

MR. CAGNEY is one star who at least differentiates his characters, which makes it regrettable that this tribute must end in anti-climax. Even the warmest admiration for his talent cannot blind me to the fact that *The Irish In Us* is the worst picture he has done. It is an orgy of Irish-American sentimentality: all about a Mother Machree and her three fine, upstanding lads (only one of them is practically imbecile, and the second is a New York cop, and the third won't work either), and how two brothers love the same girl, and Cagney wins her and the world's middle-weight title the same night. The latter feat is the more interesting for the fact that Cagney merely steps into the ring as a substitute, like Ouida's famous stroke. What a contest! The middle-weight champion, Cagney's dear old mother hitting out in all directions, the elder brother (reconciled to him in the seventh round)—all fight hard, but none so hard as Cagney.

WHEN you see Shirley Temple's name in lights and you don't enjoy the picture, you have only yourself to blame. You should know now what to expect. *Our Little Girl* conforms strictly to type — doctor tied to what Americans call his office, pretty young mother flirting with rich playboy, divorce imminent, and finally Shirley walking out on them and bringing about a reconciliation at a spot called "Heaven's Gate." Heaven's Gate! For heaven's sake! Does symbolism have to be quite so obvious? It would seem so. Hollywood lowbrows, Moscow highbrows with workers streaming towards the sun—they all love the cinematic signpost.

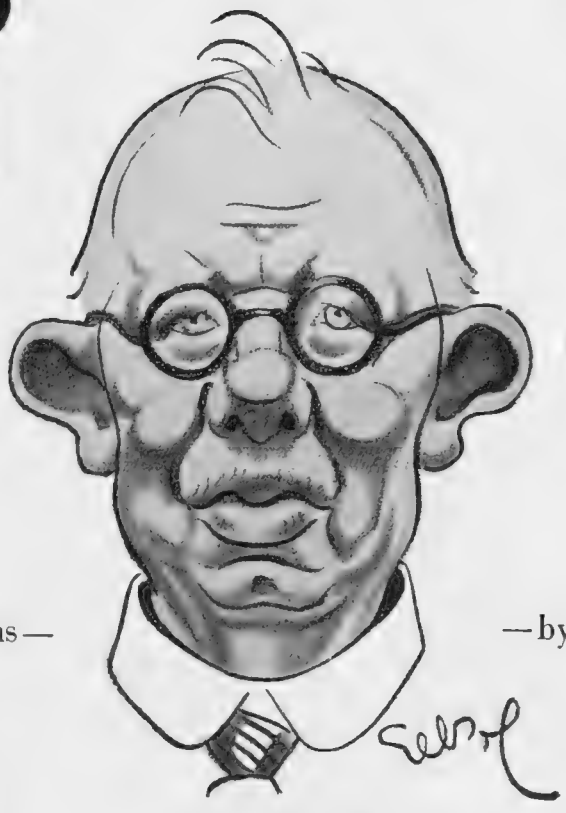
SENTIMENT, of a sort, may be discerned in *La Bandéra*, but not sentimentality. *La Bandéra* is concerned with the Spanish Foreign Legion, which seems very like the French Foreign Legion. The characters are mostly desperadoes, the climate unpleasing, and the mortality heavy. Of the two-dozen volunteers who man a fort in the Riff, only one is left alive at the end—the detective who has followed the murderer even into the Legion to get his man. Julien Duvivier, the director, has infused into what might have been mere melodrama a passion and realism that give it real distinction. His workers sweat, his haters hate, his dead look most unsentimentally defunct. Le Vigan and Jean Gabin, as the hunter and the hunted, are superb, and pretty Annabella, almost unrecognisable, emerges as a real actress in the heavy rôle of an Arab harlot with a heart not of purest gold.

French View

English Politicians—

—by Cabrol, of France

Neville Chamberlain



J. H. Thomas

Anthony Eden

Sir Samuel Hoare

POLITICAL satire is as easy to the pages of a French journal as it is rare over here, and the Parisian cartoonist's pen is sharpened by competition and the attention of a critical public. Cabrol, the artist who is responsible for these drawings, is vigorous and merciless, and his observation is as keen as his wit. We might quarrel with his Mr. Baldwin, seeing him ourselves as a less irritable, more placid sort of man ; much, however, can be forgiven the artist to whom the pipe is of no account. For the rest, we smile, on behalf of his victims, and murmur, "So that 's how they see us . . ."

Stanley Baldwin

All the King's Heralds

A College of Heralds "Who's Who"

By Charles Graves

Sketch by John Reynolds

If you have ever seen the Kings-of-Arms, Heralds and Pursuivants in their uniforms leading the Royal Procession at the Opening of Parliament, you will never forget it. I saw them myself in the Royal Gallery at the House of Lords. Considering the position of trust that they hold, it is surprising how little the general public knows about them.

Garter King is Sir Gerald Woods Wollaston, tanned, courteous, and correct, who was called to the Bar, like so many of the other members of the College of Heralds, before he went on into the Diplomatic; but heraldry and history lured him away, and after being appointed in 1902 Fitzalan Pursuivant of Arms Extraordinary, he never looked back. By becoming Garter King he has only repeated history, for his maternal grandfather held the same position. His father, by-the-bye, complied an English-Persian dictionary.

As Garter King he wears a red-and-gold uniform, with black knee-breeches and black silk stockings, surmounted by his tabard, on which the Royal Arms of Great Britain are emblazoned in red, gold and blue. It was upon him that the duty of drawing up, or, to use a technical term, marshalling, the Royal Coats of Arms of the Duke and Duchess of Kent and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester devolved.

Elliott and Fry

Sir Gerald Wood Wollaston, the Garter Principal King of Arms, has held office since 1930. Before entering the Diplomatic Service he was a barrister

Like his colleagues, Sir Gerald Woods Wollaston holds office by Letters Patent under the Great Seal of England, issued individually on appointment. He and they are members of the Royal Household, with the Earl Marshal of England—an office devolving by heredity on the Dukes of Norfolk—as their official head. The Corporation of the College of Heralds consists of three Kings of Arms, six Heralds, and four Pursuivants. Their principal duties are to do with the marshalling of State ceremonies, and such occasions as Royal weddings and funerals, and the State Opening of Parliament, together with the granting of armorial bearings, genealogy, recording of pedigrees, titles and similar matters.

Next in order of seniority comes Mr. Arthur Cochrane, who is the son of a clergyman, and after education at Repton became Rouge Croix from 1904 to 1915, after which he rose from being Chester Herald to Norroy King of Arms. To-day he is Clarenceux, and a member of Boodle's. He is a most venerable-looking old gentleman with flowing white locks, as I well recall.

Next comes Major Algar Howard, who is Norroy, and, incidentally, Registrar of the College. He was formerly Rouge Dragon Pursuivant. During the war he was a major of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars. His wife is the eldest daughter of the late Lord Knaresborough, and he

(*Continued on page 436*)

DUNLOP FORT
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Howard Coster

Michel Saint-Denis—

—Man of the Theatre

Michel Saint-Denis, already known in England as director of the Compagnie des Quinze, came over here in June to produce in English the Compagnie's play "Noah"—a glorious piece of work. In October he produced Jean Giono's "Sowers of the Hills" for the Group Theatre at the Westminster. And now he has settled down to do here what he did, as founder and director, for the Compagnie des Quinze. He is opening in January the London Theatre Studio—a school for students and actors, and a permanent company trained to work as a unit, with the collaboration of authors, artists, musicians. John Gielgud and Tyrone Guthrie have both promised to work for this brilliant pioneer, Gielgud taking Shakespeare classes, and Guthrie lecturing on production. With M. Saint-Denis behind it, the experiment is likely to be a very big stone dropped in the pool of London's theatrical world

John Everard

THE PLAY THAT WON'T STOP RUNNING

"The Wind and the Rain" was played for the 900th time last Monday, when Antoinette Cellier took over the part created by Celia Johnson, who is to have a well-deserved holiday. All the atmosphere of Merton Hodge's play about medical students has been captured in this fly's-eye-view of the Edinburgh boarding-house in which the action of the play takes place. It shows the student with the girl (Robert Harris), who passed his examinations, and the student with the tankard (Mackenzie Ward), who didn't. The girl is Celia Johnson and, in the background, is the disapproving Mrs. McFee (Margaret Moffat)

Patricia Bourne, Lion Tamer

PATRICIA BOURNE and her lions will be one of the big thrills of Bertram Mills' Circus at Olympia this year. She 's young and attractive and as proverbially brave as her pupils, whom she will even go to the length of " annoying " by rattling a tin can if they don't make fierce enough photograph faces. And that 's not from outside the cage, either. Miss Bourne is Lancashire-born, twenty-two years old, started off as a ballet dancer before she took to the lion game. Bertram Mills " discovered " her in Stockholm where she had stopped off during a Continental tour, and booked her for her first English appearance. The brave photographer put his camera in the cage down at Mr. Mills' Ascot quarters, where Patricia Bourne is busy rehearsing her company

Photographs by Charles E. Brown

" Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ; I am content, so thou wilt have it so "

A New Romeo and a New Mercutio

John Gielgud and Laurence Olivier Change Parts at the New Theatre

"O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you": Romeo listens to Mercutio's dream-theory (John Gielgud and Laurence Olivier)

JOHN GIELGUD'S Romeo has been most eagerly looked for, and not the less because Laurence Olivier in the part acted supremely well. His verse-speaking may be another matter: how he would take the famous Queen Mab speech when he succeeded Gielgud as Mercutio gave their change of parts a further focus of interest. The New has been doing record Shakespearean business since *Romeo and Juliet* started its run six weeks ago, and there'll not be an audience that won't repeat itself since the change-over last Thursday. Peggy Ashcroft, the most perfect Juliet imaginable, Edith Evans as the Nurse, and the rest of the excellent cast continue unchanged

Photographs by Howard Coster

Claude Newman

A Soloist of the Vic-Wells Ballet

As Dr. Coppelius in "Coppelia"

Claude Newman in "Casse Noisette"

Photographs by Anthony

CLAUDE NEWMAN is dancing his fourth season with the Vic-Wells Company, sometimes as a classical soloist, but generally in character rôles, for which he shows very considerable talent. His chief parts are in *The Rake's Progress*, first as the Tailor, and then as the Mad Sailor in Bedlam, as Dr. Coppelius in *Coppelia*, as the Mender in *The Jar*, in which he has succeeded Walter Gore, and as Buffon in *Casse Noisette*, one of his best dances, and always received with vast enthusiasm at Sadler's Wells. Newman also did Coppelius for C. B. Cochran's 1930 version of *Coppelia* in his *Wake Up and Dream* revue in America, when Tilly Losch danced the leading part

Norman Parkinson

Diana Napier

Diana Napier is getting some first-class chances of turning herself into a star on her own account. She was one of the trio of lovelies playing opposite Richard Tauber in "Heart's Desire," and now she's to be her fiancé's sole leading lady in the film of "Pagliacci," which is Tauber's next voice-vehicle. The music for this is an adaptation of Leoncavallo's, and John Drinkwater has written the script. Diana Napier and Tauber are to be married, so the latest news goes, in February and in London

NICKNAMES OF NOTABLES

"Bunny" - Rabbits By Name Only

Miss Cecilia Hamilton-Wedderburn, brown-eyed ex-debutante, is already an active committee woman. Has numerous girl friends to giggle with, and plenty beaux

Captain E. H. Tattersall looks at social, musical, shooting and fishing folk before dipping pen in astringent ink. Very funny about cricket, Covent Garden and carp

Lady Hadfield, who was Frances Wickersham, from Allegheny, Penn., is the sprightly wife of Sir Robert, 1st. Bart. and fifth richest man in U.K. Ran the Hadfield Hospital at Wimereux 1914—19, and deserved her C.B.E. Is not eclipsed by brilliant husband. Enjoys Monte Carlo from her villa on Cap Ferrat

Mrs. Gordon Halsey is called "Tina" by debonair husband and "Bunny" by the rest. Christened Francis Marion. She runs the successful "Spotted Dog" and helps her husband with San Marco, Florida and Berkshire farm

Mr. H. W. Austin is hardly a rabbit on the tennis court. A gentle sportsman and an elegant stylist. Adored by crowds and by actress wife, Phyllis Konstam

Mr. Roy Glen, who has a villa at Biarritz, was a soldier and a diplomat. Now an inventor. Is in New York patenting latest brain-waves

Below: **Lady Lindsay-Hogg,** mother of the future baronet and ex-wife of "Tony," was Frances Doble from Canada and acts as such, but, like others on this page, is just "Bunny"

Lord Romilly, seen with a rucksack in Tyrol, was a Page at the Coronation and as youth fought bravely with the Coldstream. His names are William Gaspard Guy, and his father-in-law is the courtly Lord Sackville

For the Christmas Table

McVITIE'S

Christmas

SPECIALTIES

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M.THE KING

McVitie & Price offer a delightful selection of high-class Shortbreads, Chocolate-coated Biscuits and Wafers, Iced Cakes and Afternoon Tea goods, including Hanover Wafers, Assorted Shortbread and Banquet Cake as illustrated above. All of the very highest quality and most attractively packed.

SOLD BY ALL GOOD GROCERS

Hot blood

There have been changes in Russia, but none in Barclay's Russian Stout. This remains the potent 'vintage' stout that warmed the cockles of the Imperial heart 150 years ago. Remember — for a 'Buchan's cold spell' there's nothing like a Barclay's Russian Stout. So keep a dozen in the house.

Barclay's

RUSSIAN STOUT

Matured at least a year in bottle — and goes on maturing

"Bystander" Short Story No. 14

Policemen Aren't Human

By Michael Joseph

Illustrated by Stephen Spurrier, R.O.I.

He was a typical policeman, tall, upright, stolid, almost immobile as he stonily held up the traffic. With his fresh, outdoor complexion, straight, rather prominent nose, carefully clipped brown moustache, and bright blue eyes, he was good-looking without being conspicuous. His name was Harold Theodore Baker. He preferred to be known as Police-constable H. T. Baker.

With a belligerent stare at the unabashed driver of a motor-bus which had overrun the white traffic line by a few inches, he slowly shifted his position. Point duty gave him a sense of superiority. It also gave him time to think. P.-c. Baker was never one who could think quickly. He liked thoughts to revolve slowly in his mind.

One particular thought was giving him immense satisfaction as he now stood majestically on duty. It was his thirty-first birthday, and the prospect of kippers for tea ebbed and flowed pleasantly in and out of his mind.

Domestically Harold was a happy man. He had been married to Daisy for nine years and was just as fond of her now as he had been in the days of their unexciting courtship. He rarely expressed himself on the subject; in moments of expansion he would tickle the back of her shapely neck or give her a playful slap on the behind.

To-day, his birthday, she had promised to provide the finest pair of kippers in all Camden Town. And there was nothing Daisy didn't know about kippers. Hers were always fat and luscious, and broke up into tempting, savoury mouthfuls as soon as a fork touched them. He was off duty in half an hour. Then, having reported at the station, he would be free to go home. He would be able to potter about in the garden before tea and work up an appetite for the kippers and the hot, strong tea which always washed them down so satisfyingly. He shifted his chin-strap in pleasant anticipation.

It was at this moment that Jeanne Sibellia, Europe's most famous soprano, decided to wear her black and white chiffon.

"Charles has always sent me dark-red roses," she said lazily, "ever since someone told him they were the emblem of passionate love."

"Did *you* tell him, Madame?" said Anna, holding pins between her teeth.

"Dear Anna, I won't disappoint you. I'll marry him one day."

"Why not now, Madame?"

Madame laughed happily, reaching for the throat spray.

"I haven't got tired of singing yet."

"But you won't give up your *singing*?"

"I might—one day. I don't want to go on until I begin to croak."

"Never, Madame!"

"Dear Anna. If I go on, like Marie Hecht, and Patinski, they will laugh. You know what the public are."

Jeanne Sibellia looked critically at herself in the cheval mirror and smiled faintly as she slipped on her frock. She sat down and began to make up her face.

"Beaumont would be pleased if you accepted Mr. Charles, Madame."

"Any intelligent publicity man would. Little Beaumont can't forget that Charles is heir to one of the oldest titles

To-day, his birthday, she had promised to provide the finest pair of kippers in all Camden Town. And there was nothing Daisy didn't know about kippers

in England. It would be front page, and I 'm not sure that I 'd like it.

" That means you really love him, Madame."

" Anna, you are incurably romantic. You are a born matchmaker. In fact, you are an absurd and impertinent creature."

" Yes, Madame."

Jeanne Sibellia, lip-stick poised, turned her head.

" I will tell you something. I am going to decide at the concert this afternoon. He will be there. If I come on after the interval wearing his flowers, that will mean——"

" Madame ! "

" I am also a romantic, *n'est ce pas* ? But it is not that. You remember the week in Vienna, and that time in Prague ? "

" He sent telegrams, Madame."

" *And* roses. But not himself. So I have made it clear. He must come to my concerts. Think of it, Anna ! The prospective husband of Jeanne Sibellia to offer the insult of his absence. It is intolerable. It is——"

" Please, Madame. Do not get excited."

" But you agree ? My voice is something to listen to, *n'est ce pas* ? I will not be treated like a cricket game."

" Of course not, Madame." Anna made a diplomatic gesture in the direction of the boudoir clock. " The throat spray, Madame ? "

Police-constable H. T. Baker took up his position outside Orphean Hall with stolid resignation. At first he had been annoyed. Indeed, he had expressed his annoyance in a few choice constabulary epithets. However, P.-c. Baker reflected, the Superintendent could not be expected to take such frivolities as birthdays into account. And he could hardly explain about Daisy and kippers for tea.

So here he was, keeping an eye on the crowds hurrying into Orphean Hall, and wishing concerts had never been invented. Why people should be willing to pay money to sit in a hall and listen to music on a fine summer's afternoon was beyond his comprehension. P.-c. Baker said a rude word almost aloud, and pulled at his chin-strap with a gesture of irritation.

At that moment a tall, well-built man in a grey suit emerged from the crowd and came towards him.

" Officer," said the man, " have you ever been in love ? "

P.-c. Baker stiffened. He knew from long experience how to deal with eccentrics. But before he spoke he looked carefully at his interrogator. The man was well dressed, and obviously a gentleman. P.-c. Baker decided to use tact.

" No, sir," he said. " I 'm a married man with a family. What is it you want ? "

" I 'm in a difficulty," said the man in the grey suit. " You see, I 've got to get into this concert. My whole future depends on it."

" The box-office is over there," said P.-c. Baker, using his thumb.

" Not a seat to be had anywhere. And I simply must get inside."

" No admittance without a ticket, sir," said P.-c. Baker with an air of finality.

" Listen. My fiancée is singing at this concert and she 'll never forgive me if I 'm not there to listen to her. Besides, she has promised to fix the date for our wedding, and all that sort of thing. If she wears my roses that means we 'll be married very soon. So you see how important it is."

" Sorry," said P.-c. Baker. " There 's nothing I can do."

" Can't you let me in, just for a few minutes ? "

" Impossible, sir. But I 'll take a look at the lady myself and report to you later about the flowers."

The man shook his head sadly.

" Thank you, officer," he said, " but that won't do."

P.-c. Baker reflected a moment.

" Why don't you speak to the man at the box-office ? He might stretch a point, like."

" It 's a woman, officer. An unimaginative spinster lady, I think. I offered her five pounds without making any impression. I suppose that a fiver wouldn't interest you ? "

" No, sir." P.-c. Baker looked ostentatiously at the time. " I 've got to go inside now."

" I 've got an idea. Couldn't I take your place, just for a few minutes after the interval ? "

" No, sir," said P.-c. Baker with emphasis.

" Listen," pleaded the other. " No harm can possibly come of it." He fumbled for his pocket-book and produced a card. " I 'll put matters right, if necessary. All I want is to stand at the back somewhere for a few minutes. We 're much the same build and we could change clothes somewhere in no time."

" No, sir," repeated P.-c. Baker stolidly. Nevertheless, he took a good look at the card in his hand. It might be necessary to report the matter in detail. The name on the card was the Hon. Charles Drew-Seymour. P.-c. Baker silently congratulated himself on his tactful handling of the situation.

" Why not ? " urged the Honourable Charles Drew-Seymour. " Unless you 've got to report to someone inside," he added, doubtfully.

" No, sir, I haven't. But duty 's duty, sir, you must know that."

" But you don't have to do anything inside except just keep an eye on people ? "

" That 's it, sir."

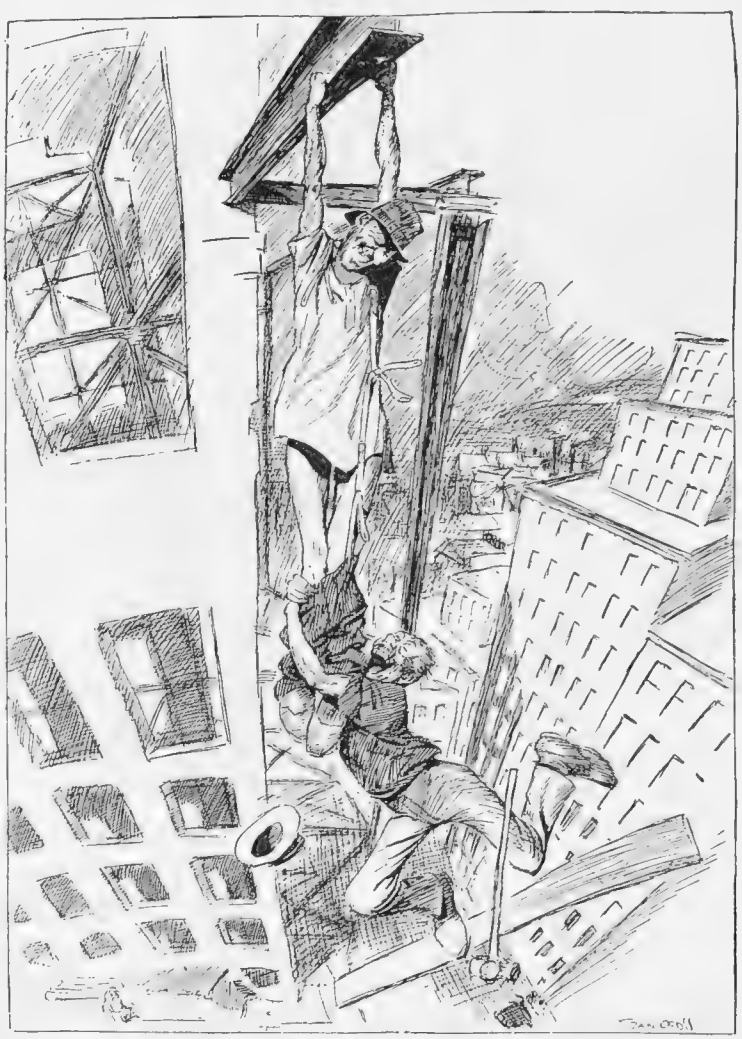
" You don't *want* to do that, do you ? "

" It 's my job," said P.-c. Baker.

The Honourable Charles gave him a gloomy stare.

" I believe you really want to listen to the concert," he said.

" That 's it, sir," said P.-c. Baker, with the vestige of a smile.



By Courtesy of "Smith's Weekly"

" For gorsake stop laughing — this is serious ! "

The Honourable Charles Drew-Seymour sighed heavily. Jeanne would never forgive him. He had failed her too many times before. There was that dreadful garden-party at the Embassy in Paris recently, which his father had practically commanded him to attend ; Jeanne had been quite unable to understand the importance of that occasion. There was the Test Match, which clashed so unfortunately with her last London concert. He had tried helplessly to explain his passion for cricket. To Jeanne cricket was just a game, like tiddley-winks. And for to-day's concert he had inexcusably forgotten to buy a ticket. He had to admit it looked very suspicious.

His only hope now lay in the interval. There would surely be at least one member of the audience who could be bribed or persuaded

(Concluded on page x)

A Merry Christmas says Elizabeth

CHRISTMAS shopping has become a real pleasure, thanks to the wonderful display of gifts to be seen in every store, and certainly the children will have the time of their lives. Mere words cannot do justice to the vast choice of toys, since there are dolls of every description, in china, felt and wool, besides innumerable soft toys for the very young, and things like motor-cars, rocking-horses, and games of chance and skill for boys. This year, however, brings something new in the way of electric trains, replicas of the Canadian Pacific and Union Pacific streamline trains. These are worked from a central control board, and whistle as they rush through the tunnels, while here and there the points are controlled by automatic signals. Electric motor-cars vary in price from a few shillings to thirty guineas, the cost of a Rolls-Royce. Alive monkeys that work in shifts are another great attraction. They perform the most daring and amusing antics, such as tight-rope walking and fishing for deep-sea monsters. They will usually accept nuts, but sometimes they become blasé and demand caviare!

What could be more in keeping with the spirit of Christmas than a case of champagne from Hedges and Butler, 153, Regent Street? This firm have been famous since 1667 for their excellent wines, and anyone interested should write for their new wine list, which contains ideal gifts for a small or generous present

Left: Mackintosh's have excelled themselves this year, by bringing out decorative containers in Staffordshire pottery. There are "Dick Whittington" flower jugs filled with a pound of assorted chocolates for 4s. 6d.

A lovely skin should have lovely powder, such as Louis Philippe's Poudre Angelus. It is so incredibly fine that it clings imperceptibly and leaves a soft, transparent bloom. There is also a lipstick which blends with the natural colouring of the lips

Left: there is something about marrons glacés which appeals to every generation, and Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly have them in sacks, packed specially to keep fresh from eight to ten days. Equally delicious are brandy cherries in fancy wicker baskets for 16s. 6d.

No one who receives a case of John Jameson's whisky can ever feel dissatisfied with the time-honoured custom of exchanging Christmas gifts. It is guaranteed seven years old, and is sold by all wine merchants and licensed dealers in specially decorated cases of one, two and three bottles

Discriminating smokers will appreciate the delicate flavour of Carreras cigarettes. There are the new Virginians, packed in decorative bakelite boxes with a mahogany grain, and Craven "A," also obtainable in special Christmas packings decorated in red and gold with sprigs of holly, and a greeting card on the back all ready for posting

Since women always find it difficult to know what to give a man, Yardley's have brought out lavender gift caskets for men which only cost 10s., and contain a shaving bowl, soap, invisible talc, after-shaving lotion and liquid brilliantine

When in doubt send whisky and let it be Dewar's "White Label." All your friends will love it, and it is so easy to send as it is specially packed for Christmas in decorative cartons ready for despatch, containing two, three and six bottles. These can be obtained at all wine and spirit dealers

"Drink and be merry" with Bols Cherry Brandy is sound advice, as, apart from its delicious flavour, it has a mellow warmth which is very pleasing. Many motorists both preface and conclude their day's run with a glass of Cherry Brandy. It is sold by all wine and spirit dealers, either in single bottles or in cases

Left: breakfast in bed is a delightful occupation provided you have an "Ansco" table. It is light, portable and large, with legs that fold neatly out of the way. As an arm-chair table it is exactly right, as a single telescopic leg acts as a support

Children are always fascinated by McVitie and Price's delicious biscuits. They love the gaily-coloured boxes, which find so many uses after the contents are exhausted. Among the many varieties to be had are Rosemary Chocolate in 2s. 6d. enamelled tins, and Teatime Assorted, in drums

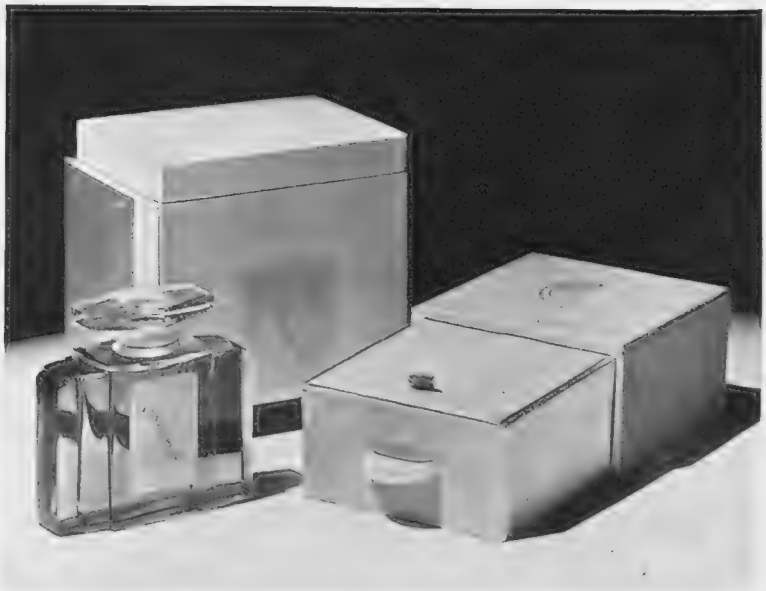
Champagne has always been considered essential to a successful evening, and there is no doubt that it promotes a general feeling of geniality. Charles Heidsieck Extra Dry is an excellent choice, and those who have had the pleasure of judging it know that the reputation of Charles Heidsieck stands by their 1923 and 1926 vintages

Right: toys of every description may be seen at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. There is Little Red Riding-Hood, who, incidentally, is made of felt, and will not break, and a whole family of lion cubs in soft plush

Every woman loves perfume, and especially Houbigant's "Festival." It has a mysterious gaiety and elusive fragrance which is very tantalising. A bottle is included in the above group of things, all of which may be seen at Emile's, 24, Conduit Street. In the top left-hand corner is a crystal powder-bowl which would grace any dressing-table

A decorative canister of Doctor's China Tea is a gift that will always be appreciated, as it is a blend that everyone can enjoy. Members of the medical profession recommend it not only for its delicate flavour, but for its complete lack of any harsh qualities which might be harmful to an invalid

For the coming celebrations choose a case of that fine Old Highland Whisky, "Stand Fast," and send it to your friends. It is the product of Wm. Grant and Sons, sole proprietors of the Balvenie-Glenlivet Distillery, and is packed in special gift cases containing one, two, three, or six bottles



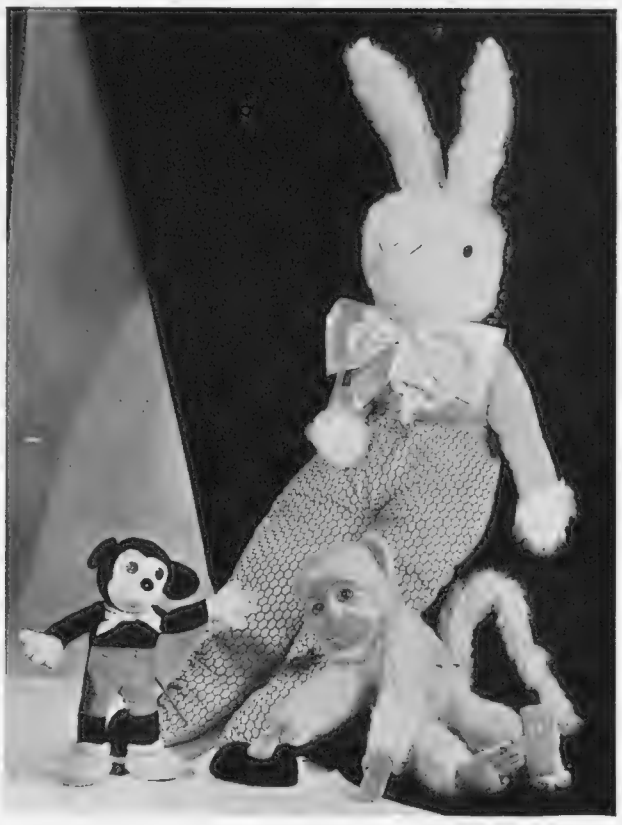
All the world is talking about the new Cyclax perfume, "La Cinquième Nuit," which is something quite outstanding. It has been created for the smart, sophisticated woman who wishes to accentuate her personality in a subtle way. There is also Cyclax powder, which is made in four shades

A bottle of Casanova perfume is a gift that every woman will love. Its fragrance is a subtle blending of many odours, which make it elusive and intriguing. There is also Casanova powder, which is ozonised by an exclusive process. Being infinitesimally fine, it clings evenly, producing a clear, matt surface

Left: lasting, dependable and guaranteed by the makers for five years' constant wear is the Britannic expanding watch bracelet. It is made in various widths to suit all tastes, with hooks to replace straps, or complete with watch. All repairs such as the renewing of springs will be done free of charge through any jeweller until the guarantee expires

A warm welcome is always given to a bottle of DryMartini, and ordinary Martini Vermouth. Not only do they make excellent drinks by themselves, but they provide unlimited scope for mixing a variety of pleasant drinks, including cocktails, especially when combined with a dash of gin or bitters. They are sold by all wine and spirit merchants

Left: to the making of the famous Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy goes the sureness of time-honoured and unsurpassed experience. Its perfect quality has been familiar to liqueur lovers for more than a hundred years, and there is certainly nothing more suitable for Christmas festivities. Full particulars of Grant's Gift Hampers are obtainable from all wine merchants



Frivolous toys that cause much enjoyment to young and old may be seen at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. Mickey Mouse has temporarily joined forces with Tarzan and Wilfred the rabbit. The latter is very smartly dressed with a bow tie and spotted trousers. He costs 5s., and so does a 3-lb. box of delicious assorted chocolates and nougats

AFTER HUNTING

This tailored négligée is so easy and warm to slip on for dinner at home. In velveteen, ruby red, sapphire blue and many other lovely shades, 10½ gns.

FORTNUM AND MASON

PICCADILLY LONDON REGENT 8040

Fortnum & Mason Ltd., 181 Piccadilly, W.

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Big Gun Demolishes Tiny Target:

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. LIAM O'FLAHERTY has collected his wit, his gusto, his power of invention, his irony, and his invective, has crammed them all into a large siege-gun, has tugged the siege-gun into position, and has let it off with a gratifying roar at an old, small, much-battered target. *Hollywood Cemetery* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*) contains the same old characters that we have come to know so well, the perfectly frightful film magnate, the double-crossing private secretary, the bewildered scenario writer, the gunman, the publicity men, and all the rest of the traditional troupe. The only difference is that Mr. O'Flaherty makes the magnate more frightful than ever, the private secretary more crooked, the scenario writer more bewildered; but that is only natural. Mr. O'Flaherty is a writer of great distinction. But somehow it seems rather a pity that such distinction should be devoted to such a trivial and hackneyed theme. I think we are all getting a bit tired of reading about the antics of the cinema crew.

THE MARQUESS OF HUNTLY has collected many interesting stories about his famous ancestors, the Chiefs of the Clan Gordon, and published them under the title of *The Cock o' the North* (Thornton Butterworth; 10*s.* 6*d.*). He begins with the marvellously romantic story of Catherine Gordon, daughter of the second Earl. Born in 1472, she became one of the most beautiful women in Scotland, and at the age of twenty-three she was married in Holyrood to Perkin Warbeck and became "Duchess of York." With Duke Perkin she was warmly welcomed at the Court of Burgundy, took part in the abortive rising in Cornwall, was captured by Henry VII., pardoned, and married to a courtier after Perkin's execution. When the second husband died, she married a knight, and when the knight died, a Berkshire squire. During her fourth marriage she became a great friend and favourite of Henry VIII., who gave her no fewer than six manors. A strange career for an Aberdeenshire girl!

THE Huntlys took varying parts in the Civil Wars and in the Stuart risings. Sometimes they were on the winning side and sometimes on the losing. They succeeded, however, in being on the safe side during the crucial struggle in 1745, and put a decisive end to all doubts about their loyalty to the Hanoverians by raising regiments among their clansmen for the wars against France. It was a sad climax to the "Auld Alliance." In 1793 the Gordon tartan was invented for the second of these regiments, and the famous Jane Maxwell, Duchess of Gordon, went out on her recruiting campaigns, riding a white horse to the markets and fairs and giving each recruit a guinea and a kiss. The result of her activities remains to the British Army as the 92nd Foot or 2nd Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders.

"FINALE" (Hutchinson; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is an almost impossible book to review and yet it has been sent to me for that purpose. Last year the beautiful and talented young Marchesa Malacrida was killed in a motor accident. During the previous month she had been travelling in Central Europe, her husband in Italy. Every evening they wrote to each other, long, intimate love-letters. Her husband, after long and careful thought, has decided that this correspondence should be published to the world, and this book contains it. There are some twenty letters from each. Mr. Cecil Roberts has contributed a preface in which he tries to convey a little of the radiant personality of the Marchesa, and I think he succeeds. But, of course, it is in the letters themselves that one gets a sort of idea of her charm and vitality and her complete freedom from conventional repressions. It is ten thousand times a pity that the photographs should vary so much in quality. There is only one really satisfactory one, and the coloured reproduction of the Ettore Tito portrait is very unfortunate.

Howard Coster

W. D. H. McCullough and his fellow-conspirator, Fougasse, whose book, "You Have Been Warned," will come as a joy to motorist and pedestrian alike. Methuen published it, and the price is 5s.

A GLORIOUS Christmas present for motoring friends is *You Have Been Warned*, by Fougasse and McCullough (Methuen; 5*s.*). It is a rollicking skit upon modern motorists, road manners, the Highway Code, and every aspect of the game. It is difficult to say whether the artist or the writer is the wittier, for both are in their happiest vein. I particularly enjoyed Fougasse's series of learners, each wearing the celebrated "L," and ranging from a bridegroom to a pedestrian, from a surgeon about to perform an operation to a lion-tamer face to face with a lion. On the other hand, Mr. McCullough's series of "Famous Last Words" is equally brilliant. They include such gems as "Come on, Mabel, there 's plenty more room on the carrier," and "No one ever makes *me* dim my headlights."

SIR PHILIP GIBBS is a man of sentiment, and in *England Speaks* (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*) he allows his bent a full margin of play. His book is a record of conversations which he had, and a description of scenes which he saw, in a journey round England in 1935. He mingled with all manner of men and women from high to middle and low. He argued over the dinner-table with an Elder Statesman; he went to a Royal garden-party; he visited Jarrow and Charterhouse School and Rowton House and the crypt of St. Martin's and many other places, and he writes it all down with his easy simplicity of style.

A DIFFERENT sort of writer is Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, especially when he is in a rage. And in *Mars His Idiot* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*) he is in a very great rage indeed. He has dipped his pen in a mixture of sulphuric acid and vitriol, and told us exactly what he thinks of war, and war-mongers, and the European statesmen of the last fifty years, and the European statesmen of to-day, and the criminal stupidity of all of them, and the muddle-headed blindness and technical idiocy of the commanders of every army during the war, and other kindred subjects. It is one of the most impressive bits of white-hot, deadly, unanswerable logic that I have read for years. You can almost hear it come sizzling off the pen. But do you suppose that anybody will read it? Anybody, I mean, who has got any connection with the rushing, terrifying advance of the next world war? Not they. They are not interested in such things. Besides, it is always easier to get votes by advocating a vast expansion of armaments, than by preaching the cause of Peace. But a great many thoughtful men and women will read Mr. Tomlinson, and will store up his brilliantly-worded arguments for future use in the fray. It is a very significant, and hopeful, sign of the times that so many of the most important writers of the day are so wholeheartedly on the side of Peace.

Cocktail Confessions

LADY MARGUERITE STRICKLAND

"A good cocktail *must* be made with Gordon's Gin."

LADY MOIRA COMBE

"Gordon's Gin makes all the difference to a cocktail."

LADY WARRENDER

"In a cocktail there is no gin to compare with Gordon's Gin."

SIR JOHN LAVERY

"When I order a cocktail I always say 'with Gordon's Gin.'"

SIR HENRY LYTTON

"A cocktail without Gordon's is a waste of the other ingredients."

SIR SEYMOUR HICKS

"Noah took two of everything into the ark–but only one sort of Gin—Gordon's"

LADY BRIDGETT POULETT

Greets her guests with a Bronx, "but it's got to be very carefully made," she adds.

COUNTESS HOWE

"I always see that great care is taken in the preparation of the cocktails and this naturally includes my insistence on Gordon's."

VISCOUNTESS MASSERENE & FERRARD

"For a really good cocktail Gordon's Gin is essential"

Left: P. Cranmer, the Richmond stand-off half, has just slung the ball out to W. G. S. Johnston during the drawn match played against Bristol at Richmond. It was Cranmer's fine play that saved the home side from defeat

Below: W. R. Logan, of Scotland, gets away with the ball in midfield during the International match against the New Zealanders at Murrayfield. The visitors' team-work was so excellent that it played a big part in enabling them to win by 18 points to 8

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

New Zealand's Murrayfield-Day

GOOD-MORNING, everyone. This is the Adonis of the sleeping-cars calling. Adonis is possibly an euphemism—on this point opinions vary; but by the time you read these poignant lines, the sleeping-cars of various railway companies will have become more or less my own property. I shall have travelled, that is to say, during the last week in reasonably rapid succession from London to Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Oxford and Belfast simply to watch football matches, and as my chances of survival seem slender, I shall probably be beyond your criticism, a thought which gives me a certain amount of licence.

I WRITE this on the way back from Edinburgh, and I hope it may help me to sort out my own impressions of the match between Scotland and New Zealand. A grand match it was, and rather paradoxical, for if it would be unfair to say that New Zealand were lucky to win, we could certainly justify the statement that Scotland were unlucky to lose.

The injury to Murdoch in the first half was a decisive factor. As soon as Murdoch went off with slight concussion, New Zealand scored, and they scored twice more while he was finding his feet again on the wing after returning, with Fyfe in the centre.

When Murdoch was able to play in the centre again the scoring was kept level at a try apiece, and we are bound to wonder what would have happened if the Scottish defence had not been so disorganised.

A PITY, but I hate making excuses, and there is no doubt that New Zealand are now an uncommonly difficult side to beat. They thoroughly deserved their victory at Murrayfield, and I believe they will win the remainder of their representative matches. This reminds me, by the way, of an odd remark made to me by a Scotsman after the game, when I asked him how he had enjoyed it.

"Quite good," he said; "almost as good as an International match." That was the rigid Scottish outlook, and there was not nearly so much interest in the first meeting of Scotland and New Zealand for thirty years as there would have been in an ordinary game against England, Ireland or Wales. It was not an International match, but a game against a touring team. Quaint, it seems to me, and, I must add, rather unnecessarily parochial.

THE queer thing was to see the Scottish forwards beaten in the tight. Twenty-two times to eight New Zealand heeled in the first half, and when Scotland did have the ball back it trickled slowly and clumsily through the scrummage. There was the crux of the matter, for the Scottish backs ran well enough to win the match if only they had been given more real chances.

New Zealand, in point of fact, will be saved by their forwards. I see no reason to expect that Ireland, Wales, or England will out-scrummage eight men who are now packing comfortably and shoving their weight and settling down into a homogeneous whole.

And while New Zealand continue to hold their own forward they will continue to win matches. It is possible, of course, and doubtless some Irish enthusiasts will tell me so, that Ireland next Saturday will surprise us all and rattle New Zealand into totally unexpected defeat. The Irish, we must not forget, are essentially giant-killers, and last year they were head of the unofficial championship table, a very gallant effort indeed. Their record against touring teams, moreover, is impressive. They ran the 1931 Springboks to five points, the 1924 All Blacks to eight, and the 1906 South Africans only beat them by 15 points to 12, after Basil MacLear had scored a truly historic try.

AND Ireland last year were a formidable side, as they proved when, with only fourteen men, they pulverised Wales at Belfast. Their forwards were a rare worrying, tearaway, roustabout lot, very difficult to play against, as I dare say they will be again next Saturday. Their methods will come fresh to the All Blacks, and I can see that Irish pack walloping away, streaming into the New Zealand backs, tearing around generally and upsetting many a preconceived notion and many an illustrious player into the bargain.

New Zealand, in fact, will be up against a whirlwind of a team, and it may flummox them a bit.

THERE are some club sides—no names, no pack-drill—which are hard to play against. They have no outstanding individual players, but their terrier-like, bustling tactics, their plug-away following-up, their hearty tackling, and, in short, their roaring rampageousness and teamwork knock the more orthodox and possibly more brilliant of their opponents off their exalted perches. So it is with Ireland, though they are not devoid of grand players. G. J. Morgan, for instance, is a fine scrum-half, and V. A. Hewitt, youngest of the famous Hewitts, is a stand-off half of high promise. Then there is A. H. Bailey, a dour, defensive centre, and J. J. O'Connor, a splendid wing three-quarter.

THE more I think of it, in fact, the more I am inclined to doubt whether New Zealand will have an easy passage at Dublin. I fancy New Zealand will win, for all that. They are now so well-balanced, so sure of themselves, and I fancy they can tackle the rushing and roaring side rather better than they can the fast and clever runners of the R. W. Shaw, R. C. S. Dick, and Cliff Jones school. Their shallow back formation is quickly up, and J. L. Griffiths at first five-eighths is a wizard at clearing from the injudicious boot ahead.

IT was significant, too, that the All Blacks gave those Scottish forwards very little rope in the loose and the line-out. Time and again the Murrayfield crowd began to shout "Feet—Scotland—feet!"—but the shout invariably died away as New Zealand drove back to the attack. Strong and clever footballers, without a doubt, and the side that beats the All Blacks will have deserved well of its country indeed.

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Golf Clubs At Home

Knowle Golf Club, Brislington, Bristol

A View of the Club-house

(1) W. P. Lucas (ex-captain and captain for 14 years) and another ex-captain, F. T. Broad. (2) C. W. Alden (the senior member) and A. Clutterbuck (ex-captain). (3) W. E. Baker (vice-captain) and Roland West (secretary). (4) L. Baldwin, C. C. Scott, J. H. Britton and W. H. Hammond, the famous cricketer. (5) W. Ireland, C. G. Lea, E. H. Jenkin and W. Milton. (6) I. A. Rees and the Rev. E. A. Aust. (7) A. L. Webb and A. W. Esbester. (8) S. Easterbrook (professional) and Mervyn Denty

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Willing

Women's Golf:

The Eternal Problem: By Eleanor E. Helme

Miss Jessie Anderson, who won the New Zealand Women's Championship. In the final round she beat Mrs. J. B. Walker, of the Island G.C., Malahide, by 5 and 4

DEAR BYSTANDER,

BY the Eternal Problem I mean nothing deeper than how to waste as few putts as possible on the green. I say "waste," not "take," advisedly. The "taking" of few putts is a matter governed by how well you play your shots up to the hole; "wasting" is that of failing to get down in one after an approach that ought to be dead, or in two after finding any portion of the green, however remote. It is a problem which will no doubt be studied very deeply by every member, or possible member, of the British team which will play America next May, for the greens of the Gleneagles Hotel courses are large and by no means flat, so that the putter is apt to come out of the bag sooner than it does where greens are small and a ball may lie within fifteen yards of the pin and still need a mashie niblick for the next shot. At Gleneagles you may be double that distance away, with nothing except green between you and the hole, so absolute confidence with a putter in your hand is an asset of priceless worth.

BUT it is not only Internationals and such-like high and mighties who want to putt better; there is hardly a golfer in the world who would not be glad to putt better than he or she does at present.

The trouble, to my mind, is that so many of these will express the wish to be better, and at that they will leave it. More especially if now and again they get an inspired day, the real facing and tackling of their bad putting will be put off and put off, until they have grown old and hoary, with so little left of the rest of their game that if they were to become good putters it would be too late to keep them in the front rank.

NOW, Miss Joyce Wethered admits that she went out to America this summer knowing herself to be liable to putt really badly, that she fought her putting until it was conquered. Now, judging by the little of her play seen since she got back, nobody could deny that she has succeeded. What she has done in that respect others can do, if they will really work at the problem until they have found out the stance and grip which is most comfortable to them and in which there is least likelihood of error when a state of high tension and nerves intervenes. That, to my mind, is the fundamental thing which must be discovered by each player for herself. It is no good thinking one has perfected a process in practice, only to find that it breaks down when one is nervous, owing to some, so to speak, structural defect. A too loose grip, a too long grip of the club, a too long back swing—these are things which spell wobble when nerves have overtaken you, just as a distorted stance, effective enough in a friendly game, produces by its very un-ease a nervous feeling that all cannot possibly be well when the occasion is important and extra trouble is being taken over every putt.

IT is good to keep count of how many times in a round three putts have marred a card or one putt redeemed it; a prize for the fewest putts may even be an amusing feature of a meeting; but such things are deceptive. When a prize was given in this way at the Legal meeting this autumn, the three leading cards for it were outside the prize list for the medal round, although the winner, for instance, had only had twenty-nine putts. The explanation was that probably, instead of three putts, she had been taking two approaches — which is equally costly. When the long second finds the green there is some excuse if three putts appear: if it has failed to do so, and a little chip has to be played, then two can be almost as criminal as three in the other case.

On the other hand, surely if one concentrates on quality, the quantity (or, rather, absence of it) will follow? If you persistently and conscientiously putt to be past the hole with the initial putt, whether short or long, then it is really quite surprising how many fewer will be the total. A self-imposed fine for every putt short is no bad discipline—and excellent for that collecting box for the adopted village.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

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Perfume for smart occasions—the true essence of the flower itself. In crystal presentation flacon—

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Other sizes 3/9, 6/-, 10/-

C.F.H.73

All the King's Heralds

(Continued from page 408)

lives at Thornbury Castle, his ancestral home, where he can hunt, fish, and shoot to his heart's content. He is a cousin of the Duke of Norfolk, and is very good-looking, tall and imposing.

LANCASTER HERALD is Mr. Archibald Russell, a very scholarly person, son of the Chief Constable of the West Riding, a scholar both of Eton and Christchurch, Oxford, and a great expert on William Blake. He alternates between the Cromwell Road and Dorset.

Mr. George Bellew, Somerset Herald, is a brother of Patrick, the artist, and is one of the very few members of the College who are ever seen in Mayfair. He is a good golfer, was educated at Wellington and the House. He is slim, passable-looking, and used to be Portcullis. Since he married Ursula Cull the other day, there remain only two bachelor members of the College.

Chester Herald is Mr. John Dunamace Heaton-Armstrong, who served in the 20th Royal Deccan Horse, and is a son of the Lord of the Manor of Roscrea in Ireland, and Berta Maximiliana Baroness Zois. He married the daughter of M. Bechet de Balan, of Sedan. He is an Old Etonian, and has been in the Colonial Office, as well as being called to the Bar. He has a very military deportment with his eyeglass and cane.

Mr. Henry Martin is Richmond Herald, while Windsor Herald is Mr. Alfred Butler, who looks very businesslike and has a fine forehead. He got the Military Cross in the war, having been educated at Marlborough, and edited *Burke's Peerage* from 1922 to 1926.

The last of the Heralds is Mr. Aubrey Toppin. He is a tall, amiable and learned-looking man. He is one of the greatest living experts on porcelain, and is York Herald.

Lieut.-General Sir William Pulteney. His official title is Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod to the House of Lords

OF the four Pursuivants there is Mr. Eric Geijer (pronounced Gyre), who was A.D.C. to Lord Willingdon when Governor of Bombay, and served in the Grenadier Guards. Mr. Philip Kerr, Rouge Croix, is a bachelor, as also is Mr. Anthony Wagner (pronounced Wagner), who is Portcullis and the youngest member of the College. Bluemantle is Mr. Graham-Vivian, who has a very charming wife.

Helping Others

Where the Rainbow Ends is now firmly established as a favourite Christmas play for the kiddies, and this year it will be back at the Holborn Empire as usual. On Wednesday, December 18th, the opening Jubilee matinée will, by kind permission of Miss Italia Conti, be to found and endow a bed in St. George's Hospital in memory of the authoress, the late Mrs. Clifford Mills. Tickets are obtainable at the box office, St. George's Hospital, S.W.1.

On Monday, December 16th, a ball in aid of war disabled ex-Service men will be held at the Dorchester Hotel. Tickets cost £2 2s. each, and include bridge, dinner, with champagne and a running buffet. They are obtainable from the Marchioness of Londonderry, 20, Bruton Street, and from the Dorchester Hotel.

Gifts in the modern vogue

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Out of the dust and roar of the speedway, the gruelling rivalry of road race and Alpine trial, is wrought the experience which has made Talbot invincible. Inherent stability, the track-born safety of fractional steering and powerful brakes . . . to these essential qualities are matched a spacious comfort and beauty of low-built line. Never was high tradition more nobly upheld than in the Talbots of 1936!

New Talbot 'Ten' Sports Saloon £265. Other models—'75', '105', '105 Speed', 3½ litre, Limousine—from £485. May we send you illustrated catalogues?

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Air Navigation by B.B.C.

By Charles Ward

At Heston—Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Jnr., explaining a route on the table-map to Prince Alvaro of Orleans Bourbon. Lady Margaret Muntz, a daughter of Lord Londonderry, and Mr. Alan Muntz, who is a director of Airwork, are on the right

Travellers by Air

IT is quite natural that people in the flying business should fly themselves, but, except in the R.A.F., one finds very few of those at the head of affairs who are still practising pilots. At Yeovil, Westlands have had two distinguished visitors by air recently — Sir Hugh Dowding, the Air Council Member for Research, who piloted himself from London, and Colonel Outram as passenger in a civil liner from Bristol. Colonel Hamilton Gault, M.P., with his Leopard Moth, is a frequent visitor to Yeovil, which is reasonably near his constituency at Taunton. Cross-country flying by "Flea" is a possibility of the future. Flight-Lieut. Cowell, the Air League's test pilot, made a journey from Yeadon to Sherbourn-in-Elmet in twenty minutes when trying out one of these ultra-light 'planes. This is quite a short journey over flat country, of course, but those who have regarded the "Flea" as a sort of aerial scooter, for hedge-hopping to the local pub, may have a pleasant surprise when it is proved that the "Flea" is a useful vehicle for any journey within its range during average weather. Navigation by B.B.C., or any broadcast, for that matter, is a stunt which has some practical value. Mr. E. C. Gordon England, a director of General Aircraft, has tried it out many times in England, as a result of which a radio "homing" device is standard equipment on the "Jubilee" Monospar, the type in which he is interested. Two pilots have been testing it in north-west Europe with considerable success. Briefly, the pilot tunes-in to the broadcast station nearest to the line of flight and proceeds to navigate under the guidance of a visual indicator which shows whether the dance band, sermon, or what not is being followed accurately. The entertainment value of the apparatus is rather a matter of luck, but as an aid to safer flying it has been proved first class.

Flying Sleepers

EACH of the forty-one air liners now under construction or on order for Imperial Airways' long-distance routes will be equipped for day and night travel. The new land 'planes are being built by Armstrong-Whitworth, and will carry twenty-seven passengers by day, with accommodation for twenty at night, each with a proper sleeping-berth. There are three cabins, with a mail compartment,

(Continued on page iv)

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6-bottle Case (2 each, Whisky, Sherry and Port)
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THE Monte Carlo CALENDAR

Winter Season, 1935-36

DEC. 1, 1935	Musical Season opens with a Festival of French Music. RICHARD STRAUSS, KREISLER, RACHMANINOFF, LOTTE LEHMANN AND ELIZABETH SCHUMANN will appear during the Season, which lasts until April, in addition to those artistes specifically mentioned below.
DEC. 5–JAN. 19	Monte Carlo Theatre—Season of Comedies and Operettas. (During January M. SACHA GUITRY will give several special performances.)
DEC. 22	Hotel de Paris—Opening Gala of the Winter Season.
DEC. 23–29	Monte Carlo Country Club—Christmas Tennis Tournament.
DEC. 24	INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB OPENS. AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
JAN. 1, 1936	GALA CONCERT CONDUCTED BY TOSCANINI.
JAN. 3	Piano Recital by M. Vladimir Horowitz.
JAN. 13–9	Monte Carlo Country Club—Tennis Championships.
JAN. 16–25	INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT (at the Sporting Club).
JAN. 18	Classical Concert with M. Gregor Piatigorsky.
JAN. 20	Grand Concert with M. Gregor Piatigorsky.
JAN. 20–26	FIFTH INTERNATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS of the Principality of Monaco (at the Condamine Tennis Club).
JAN. 22	Classical Concert, with M. Jacques Thibaud.
JAN. 24	Violin Recital by M. Jacques Thibaud.
JAN. 26	MONTE CARLO OPERA—SEASON OPENS WITH WAGNER'S "RING," IN GERMAN, BY THE BAYREUTH OPERA, UNDER FRANZ VON HOESSLIN. (Amongst other distinguished singers who will be heard during the Opera Season are LILY PONS, AUTORI AND CHALIAPINE.)
JAN. 29	Gala of Modern French Music, with Mme. Ida Rubinstein.
JAN. 29–FEB. 2	MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY.
FEB. 13	Monte Carlo Golf Club—The Windsor Challenge Cup.

(The foregoing is only a brief summary of the more important events up to the middle of February.)

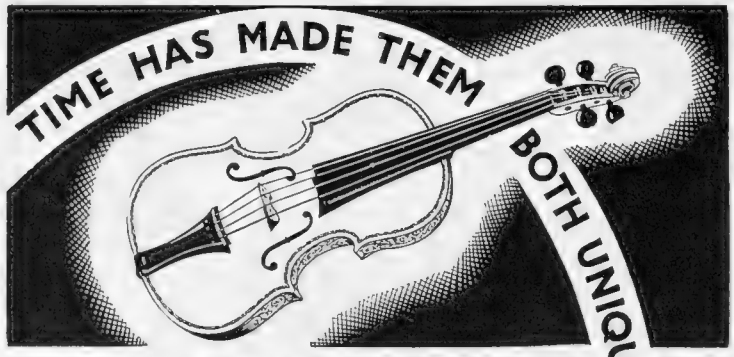
Travel Arrangements

TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare, £19 5s.
Return Sleeper, £9 19s. 2d.
2nd Class Return Fare, £14 0s. 2d.
Return Sleeper, £8 17s. 10d.
30-day Tickets are available on two days a week at a substantial reduction.
AIR (7 hours) Return Fare (to Mandelieu Aerodrome), £22 1s.
SEA (7 days) 1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22.
2nd Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £16.

HOTELS—HOTEL DE PARIS.—Full pension terms from 30s. per day.
HOTEL HERMITAGE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.
HOTEL METROPOLE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.

At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Café de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from 10s. per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., and all travel agencies.

Monte Carlo



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Air Navigation by B.B.C.

(Continued from page ii)

kitchen, freight and luggage hold, lavatories, an office, and the control-room. Four engines developing more than 3000 h.p. will enable this liner to cruise easily at 160 m.p.h. The "Empire" flying-boat, twenty-nine of which are being built by Short Brothers, of Rochester, has similar facilities. There are upper and lower decks, the former housing the control cabin and the mail compartment. Both types are high-wing monoplanes, so that passengers get the best possible view from the windows. One of the chief attractions in flying over the Empire routes is the magnificent scenery, and in Africa, the possibility of getting a glimpse of big game.

Mr. Tom Bata, whose firm in Czechoslovakia use a fleet of aeroplanes for business journeys to all parts of the world, talking to Mr. Le Strange Malone outside the Customs House at Heston

The S.A.M.A. v. the S.B.A.C.

THE Society for the Abolition of Military Aircraft, or whatever association it is whose members subscribe so regularly to the *Times* that their letters on this subject get published, has received a coup de grâce as a result of the recent Election. The new Government is pledged to bring our Air Force up to par, which means making it as strong as that of any other nation. As a result, all firms in the Society of British Aircraft Constructors and many others are working at high pressure, and one new squadron a week is being added to the R.A.F. This, of course, is a figure of speech only—some seventy new squadrons are to be formed by the spring of 1937, which averages out at one a week. In actual fact, a squadron cannot be formed until it has a station, an aerodrome, and its personnel, all of which takes longer to create than the aircraft and engines. Hawkers have turned out a 300-mile-an-hour fighter with a disappearing chassis, wing-flaps, controllable pitch airscrew and all. Fairey's are in the running for fighter orders, and Bristols have an authentic 280-mile-an-hour bomber that looks as American as any "Douglas." De Havillands are reported to have built a fiery Dragon, much to the surprise of its prototype, which is being manufactured in large numbers for peaceful air routes.

At Random

ENGLAND still provides some of the worst flying weather to be had anywhere. Two young men, members of the Aero Club of New South Wales, who flew to the Old Country for a holiday, making the 12,000-mile journey without mishap, got lost in the fog on a 25-mile cross-country journey from Hatfield to Hanworth. They made a forced landing on the Great North Road at dusk, avoiding passing motorists with considerable skill, folded the wings of their Moth, and left it on the grass verge for the night.

Quite shortly, Parliament will be asked to pass a Bill making third-party insurance of aircraft compulsory. It was one of the recommendations of the Gorell Committee, which the Air Ministry has accepted in principle. For some months now it has been possible to fly a "Pou du Ciel" without a C. of A., merely by taking out such an insurance, but very little advantage has been taken of this concession so far.

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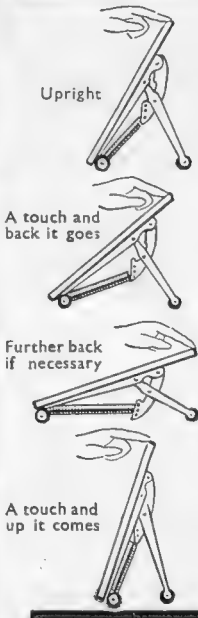

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This ANGLEPOISE—the obedient Mirror of a hundred angles—will soon be on every well-appointed dressing table.

An amazing mirror. The lightest finger-touch tips it back or forward—just as far forward or back as needed. Every possible angle of reflection secured, every subtle shade of the toilette disclosed.

No stretching this way and that—Anglepoise responds to the lightest touch—telling all at a glance—how your hair is this side, how your hat looks on that

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17/6

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We guarantee that all money sent in direct response to this advertisement will be wholly expended in wages.

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Letters of heartfelt gratitude are received in large numbers from those we have enabled to retain or resume their work.

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Patron: H.M. THE KING.

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4,400 Children

Xmas Gifts gratefully received by the Secretary.

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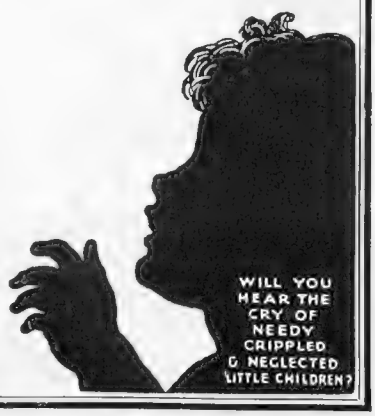


CHRISTMAS

SEASONABLE THOUGHTS

The Waifs and Strays Society

THIS is the time of year when the needs of the Waifs and Strays Society are most pressing. Everything possible will be done to give the 4400 children being looked after by the Society a really happy time, such as they would be assured of if they had parents of their own. The scope of the Society's work is extraordinarily wide, and the fact that it now has no fewer than 105 separate homes proves that it is responding to a vital social necessity. The principle that no destitute child can be refused is a very exacting one, and whatever help can be given, no matter how small, will be deeply appreciated. Ten shillings will feed two children for a week. Half-a-crown will buy a Christmas pudding. One shilling will serve to assure a child of a well-filled Christmas stocking at the end of its bed on Christmas morning. Donations should be addressed to the Waifs and Strays Society, Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11, and cheques and orders crossed "Barclays, Ltd."

Dr. Barnardo's Homes

FOR seventy years Dr. Barnardo's Homes have been helping children to enjoy the kind of life which circumstances would have otherwise deprived them of entirely. The first one was opened when Dr. Barnardo himself found children, who literally had no home at all, sleeping out in the open in all weathers. Since that time, 118,000 children have passed through the Homes and have gone out into the world with training sufficient to assure them of a good start on their road, the early legacy of suffering and misery wiped out by as happy a childhood as love, and individual care can provide. Christmas is naturally a difficult time, because presents and Christmas fare must be provided on a monster scale. Anything you can give will be a real help, therefore, and you will be bringing untold joy to some young member of the great Barnardo family. The address is: Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, E.1. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed "Barclays Bank, Limited, a/c Dr. Barnardo's Homes."

Royal Surgical Aid Society

THIS is a Society the practical usefulness of whose activities cannot be too highly praised. It fulfils a need which for not being immediately obvious, is none the less very real, and in terms of the relief of suffering the work which the Society has done since it was first established almost seventy-five years ago is absolutely inestimable. There are many people who, after operations and long illnesses, are unable to take up a normal life again, because they cannot afford the surgical appliances that they need. Many of them, indeed, live under the constant spur of physical pain, and to these the Society offers what is virtually a new life. No fewer than 1,590,000 cases are recorded in its books, and the need to-day for subscriptions to continue this good work is as great as ever it was. Only those who have suffered prolonged physical pain can really understand how completely undermining it is, but there are few, surely, who would not wish to give their help to a work so directly concerned with the relief of suffering. The Head Office of the Society is Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, and it is to this address that subscriptions or donations should be sent.

British Sailors' Society

A SAILOR'S life may, at moments, be a picturesque one, but as often as not the sailor may find himself having a hard time, whether at sea or ashore, at any rate, temporarily. All over the world there are sailors separated from their families at Christmas, while others are unemployed and in continual doubt as to where the next meal is coming from. To these the British Sailors' Society brings a new message of hope, distributing parcels of food and clothing where they are needed most at this season of the year. At the same time, in more than one hundred foreign ports, the Society's Hostels will provide a real English Christmas for those who would otherwise spend it amongst strangers. The Society recognises

GIVING

FOR THOSE IN NEED

no distinction of class, creed or colour, and its activities are universal. It is only right that a nation like our own which depends so much on its merchant service, should spare a thought for those men who in their daily lives are upholding the greatest of all English traditions. Gifts, which will be gratefully acknowledged, should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir Fredk. Sykes, P.C., G.C.S.I., etc., 680, Commercial Road, London, E.14.

The Winter Distress League

THE task of the Winter Distress League is to fight against the scourge of unemployment by relieving individual cases of distress. The greater part of its activities is concerned with the finding of jobs for men who have been the victims of prolonged and apparently hopeless idleness, which will be of real use and yet will not divert work from normal market channels. They are paid at Trade Union rates and are guaranteed security for at any rate thirteen weeks, subject, of course, to satisfactory conduct. The importance of an opportunity like this to anyone who has been unemployed for a considerable length of time is tremendous. Another extremely useful function which the Society fulfils is to help those who have got a chance of taking up work but cannot afford the necessary tools or fares, through those first difficult stages, until they are standing once more on their own feet. Although the employment situation is much better than it was a couple of years ago, there still remains more to be done than the Society can possibly cope with, and all assistance will be of immediate value. The address of the Winter Distress League is 23, Bedford Row, W.C.1, and the Honorary Treasurer, Sir Francis Goodenough, C.B.E.

National Institute for the Blind

THERE are 65,000 blind people in Great Britain to-day whose lives are made valuable to themselves and to the community by the great work which this Institute undertakes. During the present year alone, three-quarters of a million books and periodicals have been printed in Braille and supplied to the blind at about one-third of their production cost. The Institute is dependent for making up the trading losses thus involved, on generous public subscriptions. These have always been forthcoming in the past—for blindness is indeed an affliction which must inevitably evoke everybody's keenest sympathy—but the need is as great to-day as ever, and Christmas is surely the time when our thoughts should go out most to those who live in darkness. The work of the Institute falls into three divisions: first, the care of blind babies and young children; second, the care of old people who have no resources of their own; and third, educational and instructional courses for those who are at an age when they need some occupation that will make them feel their lives are not being wasted. Any donation sent to the National Institute for the Blind, 224, Great Portland Street, London, W.1, will be used for one of these purposes, and will be answering a very real need.

The Shaftesbury Homes and Arethusa Training Ship

DURING the middle of the last century the children of the poor had in many cases to face a vista of absolutely unrelieved wretchedness, and that great philanthropist, Lord Shaftesbury, set on foot a work which has developed out of all recognition when he sought the means of giving poor children a good start in life. The old Arethusa served as a training ship for boys going into the merchant service from 1866 to 1932, when it was condemned by the Admiralty as unfit for further use, and the new Arethusa, big enough to provide accommodation for 240 boys, which is now moored in the Medway, is likely to have an equally useful life. In addition to the training ship there are a number of Homes both for boys and girls, and the existence of these has helped no fewer than 30,000 children through the most difficult years of their lives. Support is needed for the continuation of this work, and any subscription you can give will be gratefully received by the Treasurer, at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Please be Santa Claus to a destitute little one this Christmas.

We are celebrating our 70th year of service on behalf of destitute children. Over 117,500 girls and boys already sheltered and given a chance in life; and our family always numbers about 8300 children.

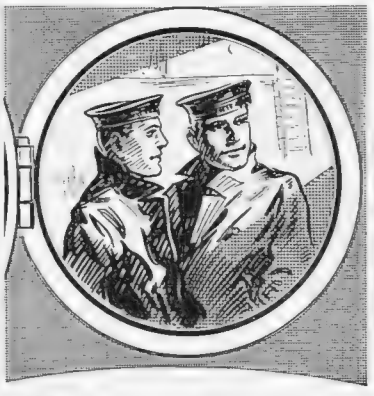
Will you send a 70th Anniversary gift to our Fund to mark this special occasion?

A CHRISTMAS GIFT OF

10/-

will feed one boy or girl for a fortnight.

Cheques and Orders, payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 74 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.



Who looks after Jack?

A REAL British Christmas for our Sailors in home and foreign ports; hospitality for lighthouse keepers and lightshipmen; seamen who are "up against it"; and help for seamen's widows, orphans and dependants . . . these are the Christmas aims of the British Sailors' Society.

PLEASE SEND YOUR "CHRISTMAS CHEER" GIFT to the Hon. Treas., The Rt. Hon. Sir Fredk. Sykes, P.C., G.C.S.I., etc.

BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY

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General Secretary: HERBERT E. BARKER.

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Offices: HANOVER HOUSE, 73-78, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

Telephone: **Chancery 8548 (2 lines).**
Robert H. Lucas, *Secretary.*

Patron: **His Majesty The King.**
President: **His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales, K.G.**

This great and useful Institution is now in pressing need of funds, in order that its assistance may be spread over as large a number of beneficiaries as possible. The extent of its usefulness may be gathered from the fact that it distributes no less than £50,000 a year amongst 1845 recipients, aged printers and widows, orphan children and almshouse inmates. At the forthcoming election over 500 necessitous candidates, both men and women, are seeking its help, all of them deserving because during their working life they subscribed to the funds, a principle of thrift which should commend the work to the generous consideration of everyone who believes in helping those who help themselves. No Orphan has ever been refused.

500 Guineas creates a pension which can be named after the donor, a most suitable method of perpetuating a name or a memory.

Contributions gratefully received and further information gladly given by the Secretary.

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

A Great Sportsman Passes

THE whole world of cricket, and a very large part of the world of golf, has suffered a very, very great loss in the death of the Hon. F. S. G. Calthorpe, at the early age of forty-three. Freddy Calthorpe and I went up to Cambridge together in 1911, and since that date, except for a few years during the war, I have kept in continual touch with him, and consequently should be well qualified to write about one of the outstanding personalities in the game of cricket, and one who, if he had not been taken from us, would probably have become a great, outstanding personality in the game of golf. Freddy was not quite a good enough player to play in Test matches against Australia, but he only missed this honour by a very narrow margin. He played for Cambridge three years before the war, and came back after it to play again in 1919.

BEFORE the war he played for Sussex, and after the war took over the captaincy of Warwickshire, and captained this side in a most efficient manner, and at the same time was loved by all, professionals and amateurs alike, who were privileged to play under him. In 1922-1923 he toured New Zealand and Australia with A. C. MacLaren's team, and afterwards, in 1925-1926 and 1929-1930, captained the M.C.C. teams which visited the West Indies. When Freddy Calthorpe was captain, there were none of the arguments and controversies which, I regret to say, are not too uncommon at the present time. He instilled his side with enthusiasm, and saw that not only his own side, but his opponents, played the game in the spirit in which it should be played in the minds of all right-thinking men. He played for the Gentlemen against the Players at Lord's in 1925, which was one of his best years at the game. The Cambridge cricket team of 1919, of which Freddy Calthorpe was a member, is, I believe, the only team to represent any University which consisted entirely of men who had served as commissioned officers in his Majesty's forces.

ALTHOUGH he gave up the captaincy of Warwickshire in 1929, he still played a certain amount of first-class cricket, and annually played in the festival matches at some of our seaside resorts. After ceasing to play for Warwickshire, he became a very enthusiastic golfer, and could usually be found playing golf at Worplesdon, on the fringe of which course his house was situated. He usually played light-hearted golf, but in spite of this he was a good golfer, and on occasions returned some very good scores. In his first year at Cambridge, whenever the University side was in a bad position at cricket, he nearly always got about 70 runs, and got them very quickly. When runs did not matter, he played in a happy-go-lucky way, and seldom made them. The same wrists that used to hit the cricket ball like lightning past extra-cover, used to hit the golf-ball an astonishingly long way with the iron clubs. Freddy Calthorpe, with a No. 2 iron, could hit the ball as far as most men can with a brassie. It was not so much his prowess at games, as the spirit in which he played them which made him loved and admired by all who played with or against him.

I ALWAYS liked to see Freddy play a bad shot. When he did so, a look of complete surprise came on his face, followed by a look of annoyance, and when you thought that he appeared likely to be extremely displeased, he used to burst into roars of laughter. What a pity it is that more of us cannot treat our bad shots in a similar manner. Every year he used to get up a team of cricketers to play against Worplesdon, of which club he was once captain, and the members of these teams were the nucleus of the County Cricketers' Golfing Society.

SINCE writing my article on handicapping in the issue of November 20th, I have met a friend who has returned from America, and have been discussing with him the methods of handicapping in American golf clubs. Handicaps are allocated by the following method at one of the big golf clubs in California, of which he is a member. To obtain an original handicap, a player must return twenty cards, and he is then handicapped on the average score of these cards compared with par. You will no doubt say that no one is going to be bothered to keep on returning cards, but the onus of doing so does not lie with the player, but with his caddie. At the club about which I am talking, a caddie loses his job unless he returns a card of the score his master has amassed. Consequently, every time a single member plays, whether in a four-ball, medal or any other form of the game, his card goes in, and is filed for handicapping purposes.

YOU will no doubt say that many players do not hole out at every hole, either because they lose their ball, find it unplayable, or take too many shots. If a player picks up at any hole, the caddie records a score of 2 over par for that hole, so there is no difficulty about getting a card of sorts returned. After having obtained a handicap by returning twenty cards, the player is re-handicapped every month on the scores he has returned during the preceding month, plus a sufficient number of the best cards of his original twenty to make the number of cards on which the average score is obtained total twenty. My friend informs me that this method has given complete satisfaction.

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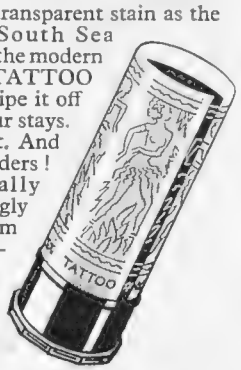

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LAROLA FACE POWDER in Pink, White, Cream, and Cream No. 2. Sealed Boxes, complete with Puff, **2/6** each.

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ROSE GERANIUM ROMAN HYACINTH

FLORIS 89 JERMYN STREET LONDON

Policemen Aren't Human

(Continued from page 422)

to let him take his place. At last the doors opened and people began to come out. Charles knew that everything depended on picking the right man without delay. To his dismay the audience emerged in twos and threes. They lit cigarettes and talked volubly.

The Honourable Charles stared wildly around him. Then he saw a solitary man gazing pensively towards the doors which led out into the street. He walked up to him and said :

" Excuse me, sir, but I wonder if you would care to sell me your ticket for the remainder of this concert ? "

The man smiled sorrowfully. He was a little man with a drooping moustache.

" I 'm afraid not," he said. " This concert is just what I expected, but I must remain. I am the music critic of the *Sunday Post*," he added glumly.

At the end of the vestibule Charles saw another isolated individual. He hurried over and repeated his formula.

" I wish I could," said the stranger. " I detest music."

" Ah," said Charles.

" But my wife 's inside, and she 'd have something to say, you know."

" Oh," said Charles.

By this time there was a general movement towards the hall. In desperation he tackled an elderly woman who hesitated by the foot of the stairs, as though looking for someone.

" No, thank you," said the lady amiably. " But if you 've nothing to do, young man, you might get me some aspirins. Oh, dear, there won't be time. There goes the bell."

The remnants of the audience were now filing inside. Charles took a deep breath. There was only one chance left. He attached himself to a small group of people and followed them upstairs. Keeping as close on their heels as he decently could, he lowered his head, as though rapt in musical thought, and found himself passing through an entrance door.

Just as he was congratulating himself on his enterprise, a familiar voice said.

" Ticket, sir ? "

He looked up. It was P.-c. Baker, solemn as an owl.

Charles turned and ran.

" THERE is Mr. Charles's car, Madame," said Anna, protectively escorting Jeanne through the admiring crowd which had gathered, as usual, outside the stage-door.

Charles, hat in hand, held open the door and helped Jeanne inside. Anna got in next to the chauffeur and the car silently moved off.

" Jeanne," said Charles, taking her hand.

" Don't talk, chéri. Not yet."

" Wasn't it a wonderful reception, Monsieur ? " Anna turned round, beaming.

" What else could one expect ? " said Charles valiantly.

" Such a superb audience I have never had." Jeanne sat up, her eyes bright, her voice tremulous. " How they rose to my Brahms Serenade ! I thought they would never stop clapping and cheering. It was like the roar of an enormous ocean ! "

" Relax, *please*, Madame," implored Anna. " You are tired, you must rest."

" All right, Anna, I will be good." She smiled at Charles. " You talk to me, chéri."

Charles looked at her for a moment without speaking. She was very lovely, with all the fresh and radiant loveliness of a happy and absorbed child. It was damnable, he thought, that he must be the one to spoil her happiness, and his own. He cursed himself for his neglect. But there was no escape. The moment for confession had come.

" You said," he whispered, " you would give me an answer this afternoon. I——"

" Charles ! "

Jeanne Sibellia's voice was a throb of pain.

" Charles, my *dear* ! I forgot. I forgot your roses. My poor boy——"

The Honourable Charles Drew-Seymour had not mixed in diplomatic circles for nothing. Over her head, dropped contritely on his shoulder, he smiled happily.

DAISY BAKER gave the kippers a last turn in the frying-pan, and raised a cheerful, shining face to her husband

" Smells good," he said.

" They *are* good. Now stop messing me about and go and sit down. The kettle 's nearly boiling."

" I 'll be glad of a cup o' tea," said P.-c. Baker. " Kippers and tea—that 's what I call a real treat."

" I call it a shame having to go on duty this afternoon," said Daisy, filling the teapot. " Anything happen ? "

" No," said P.-c. Baker, raising his knife and fork. " Just the usual collection of cranks."

THE END.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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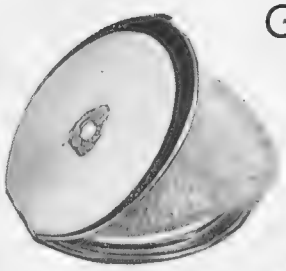
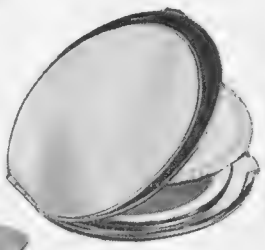


Fa.900—This fascinating **Powder Case** is extra slim and light, in lacquer, delicate pastel colouring, also the new shades of green and blue, with fine ornament of marcasite. Diameter, 2¾ in. (*Foreign.*) **Price 10/6**



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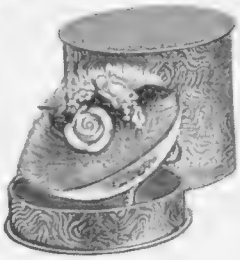

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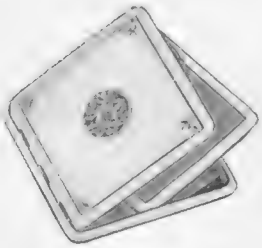

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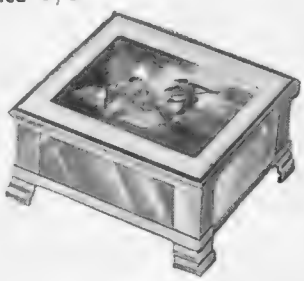

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• GETTING MARRIED:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Hay Wrightson

Barbara Wright

Is the younger daughter of Sir Bernard and Lady Wright, of Haddon House, The Park, Nottingham; she has announced her engagement to J. H. Keith Thomson, the younger son of Dr. and Mrs. George Thomson, of Condor, Derbyshire

Lenare

Vivien Furness

Is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Furness, of Berrow Manor, Berrow, Somerset, and she is engaged to Lieutenant Anthony Akerman, R.N., the only surviving son of the late Major C. Akerman, R.E., and of Mrs. Akerman, of The Mount, Burnham, Somerset

Bassano

Betty Chubb

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emory Chubb, of Marchmount, Chorley Wood; she is to marry Ian Lindsay Wood, 13th/18th Hussars, the son of the late Captain Collingwood Lindsay Wood, 18th Q.M.O. Hussars, and of Mrs. Wood

Kay Vaughan

Constance Stocker

Is engaged to Gabriel Brandon, the eldest son of Mr. Jocelyn Brandon; she is well known on the operatic stage and was principal contralto of the Carl Rosa Opera Company for several years; she has also broadcast on many occasions

Bassano

Margaret Harral

Is the elder daughter of Mr. B. Harral, of Barnsley, Lancashire, and the late Mrs. Harral; she is engaged to be married to Peter Marsham, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. C. Marsham, of Coddington, Ledbury, Herefordshire

Pearl Freeman

Margaret Hawkins

Is the eldest daughter of Colonel T. H. Hawkins, C.M.G., and of Mrs. Hawkins, of Locksley, Formby, Lancs., and is engaged to Charles Whishaw, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Montague Law Whishaw, of Melbury Court, Kensington, W.

Hay Wrightson

Marjorie Bowman

Is the youngest daughter of the late Major E. V. Bowman, and of Mrs. Bowman, of The Red House, Barham, Canterbury, and is to marry Oliver Jelf Grace, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. C. Grace, of Charles Oak, Chevening, Kent

Bassano

Monica Smith

Is the only daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel H. Lockhart Smith, D.S.O., J.P., and of Mrs. Smith; she is engaged to Hugh Harrison, 15th Punjab Regiment, the only son of Brig.-General A. H. Pryce Harrison, and of Mrs. Harrison, of Ditchingham, Norfolk

Lenare

Johan Mitchell

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Mitchell, of 10, Crown Gardens, Glasgow, and is to marry Norman Fraser Graham Donaldson, the son of Mr. N. P. Donaldson, C.B.E., and of Mrs. Donaldson, of Ballindalloch, Balfron, Stirlingshire

Poole, Dublin

Margaret Gregg

Is engaged to Dr. Cecil Wilson, Malayan Medical Service, the son of the late Mr. William Wilson; the daughter of the Archbishop of Dublin, and of Mrs. Gregg, she is a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland

Yvonne Gregory

Michelette Welch

Is the younger daughter of Brig.-General M. Welch, C.B., C.M.G., and of Mrs. Welch, of Stedham Mill, Midhurst, Sussex, and is to marry Michael Whistler, Royal Signals, the youngest son of the Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Whistler, of Elsted, Sussex

Bassano

Celia Craven

Is the younger daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel W. S. D. Craven, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Craven, of The Square, Haslemere; she is engaged to Lieutenant Cyril William Black Milner, R.N., the elder son of Major and Mrs. C. W. Milner, of Slindon, Arundel

Loveday — Gibbs

George Arthur Loveday, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Loveday, of Banbury, and Sylvia Mary Gibbs, the only daughter of the late Major Anthony Edmund Gibbs, and of Mrs. Cyril Chester-Master, of Winson Manor, Bibury, were married at St. Mary's Church, Bibury

Osborne — Salt

Anthony Hope Osborne and Primrose Salt were married at the Church of the Redemption, New Delhi, India. The wedding group shows, standing: General Sir Walter Leslie, Miss Kit Fraser, Captain H. C. Garden, the bridegroom and bride, Miss Babette Irene Salt, the Bishop of Lahore, and Miss P. Davis. Lady Willingdon and the Viceroy are seated in front between Major-General and Mrs. H. F. Salt, the bride's father and mother

Speer — Henderson

Roy Francis Powys Malise Speer, the only surviving son of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Speer, of South Sheen, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, and Rachel Henderson, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Henderson, of 55, Cadogan Place, W.1; they were married at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge

Mrs. Trevor Motion

Left: Mrs. Motion's marriage to James Trevor Motion, of Sunnyside, South Godstone, took place in November; she was formerly Joane Beasley, and is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Beasley, whose home is at Hill Court, Edenbridge, Kent

Right: Captain Roger Geoffrey Hyde, Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, and Janet Elizabeth Rowan-Thompson, the daughter of the late Sir William Rowan-Thompson, and of Lady Rowan-Thompson, of Gart and Mollands, Callander, were married at St. Kessog's Church, Callander

Hyde — Rowan-Thompson

Perceval — Shakerley

James Leslie Byrne Perceval, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Perceval, of 32, Culverden Road, S.W.12, and Denise Marian Shakerley, the elder daughter of the late Major and Mrs. E. A. Shakerley-Howell, of Keyberry, Tavistock, were married at the Church of Our Lady of Victories, Kensington

Levkovitsch — McNeill

Paul Goudime-Levkovitsch, the son of Major-General P. Goudime-Levkovitsch, of La Napoule, France, and of Mrs. Raynaud, and Sheila McNeill, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McNeill, of Villa Maryland, Cannes, were married at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge

Walsh — Clarke

James Crispin Chester Walsh, the elder surviving son of Mr. R. Chester Walsh, J.P., and Mrs. Chester Walsh, of Williamstown House, Castlebellingham, Co. Louth, and Elfreda Spencer Clarke, the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. E. Spencer Clarke, of Ropley Dene, near Alresford, were married at St. Peter's Church, Winchester

Tropinoff — Meyendorff

Alexis Tropinoff, of the Anglo-Russian Sports Club, Harlington Road, Chiswick, and Baroness Irina Meyendorff, of Edith Grove, Chelsea, S.W., the sister of Baroness Helene Meyendorff, who is known on the stage as Helen Dori, were married at the Church of St. Phillip, Buckingham Palace Road

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

December 4—December 10

THE THEATRE

Plays

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Irvine's comedy has a "to-work-or-not-to-work" theme, with Harold Warrender, Jessica Tandy, and Morris Harvey topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE BLACK EYE.—There 's more fun than philosophy in this, thanks to the dialogue, Jean Cadell and Ralph Roberts; Stephen Haggard acts well as the young hero: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CLOSING AT SUNRISE.—The setting is a coffee-stall; the cast includes Shirley Houston, Mark Daly, Anthony Ireland, Joan Marion: Duke of York's, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.—A play from the Embassy, with Frank Vosper and Barbara Couper heading a suitably distinguished cast: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—This domestic comedy of quarrels and making-up is amusingly apt—and runs and runs; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the young couple: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Thea Holme is now Precious Stream; the play is a charmer, and deserves to be seen more than once: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Winter Garden, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MACBETH.—Vivienne Bennett and Ion Swinley play Lady Macbeth and Macbeth, Cecil Trouncer is Duncan, and William Devlin Banquo: Old Vic, 8 (except Mondays). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NINA.—Versatile acting by Lucie Mannheim in a double part as a film star and her understudy; Cecil Parker and Hugh Miller are also in Bruno Franck's amusing comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—John Gielgud has taken Romeo's part from Laurence Olivier, who is now Mercutio; Peggy Ashcroft remains the perfect Juliet: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SHORT STORY.—Marie Tempest 's a play in herself, but Sybil Thorndike, A. E. Matthews and Ursula Jeans all support this mildly improbable story: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard is still a big draw as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—Still one of the best plays on, amusing and sometimes moving; Cedric Hardwicke and Eugénie Leontovich continue their grand acting: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE UNGUARDED HOUR.—Strong legal drama attacking dangers of circumstantial evidence; headmen are Malcolm Keen and Wyndham Goldie: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHITE CARGO.—Revival of the ever-popular play of white men, brown women, and black hate, with Olga Lindo, Franklin Dyall and Horace Hodges: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris, Antoinette Cellier, and Mackenzie Ward play lead in this unendingly popular play: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—Diana Ward makes an appealing heroine, Sydney Howard is incomparably funny as the villain of this excellently (Cole Porter) musical comedy: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girl's-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobbie Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 69.—A Christmas edition, including a Toy Ballet, Edna Thompson and Olive del Mar as soubrettes, Milne and West, Eric Barker, Eric Woodburn, Eddie Kelland, and a new dancer, Noni Prager: Windmill, 1.20-11.30 non-stop.

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"RIVALS!"—This musical version of Sheridan's play is witty, and the tunes are good; Bruce Carfax, Frederick Ranalow, Elsie French are in it: Kingsway, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SEEING STARS.—Leslie Henson is the star, Florence Desmond and Louise Browne also twinkle; the show is gay, the story non-existent: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

STOP . . . GO!—Charlot's lucky dip, with Dorothy Ward, Douglas Byng, Mary Brian, and some good chorus ensembles as the best things in it: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Twice nightly comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Jean Colin, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane as the best bet: Coliseum, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ESPIONAGE.—Spy-thrills on the Orient Express; Frank Cellier and J. H. Roberts add their quota to the fun; Marion Lorne makes twittering comedy: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FULL HOUSE.—Ivor Novello's farcical comedy makes some people laugh; Lilian Braithwaite carries off a foolish part with her customary brilliance: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE INSIDE STAND.—Ralph Lynn gets his own typical fun (so does Olive Blakeney in her way) out of Wodehouse's crook-play: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams's acting as the young murderer in his own intelligent thriller is excellent; so is the play's humour; it must be seen: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OUR OWN LIVES.—Irene Vanbrugh queens a mild comedy of no one doing what they want; Lady Tree and Laura Cowie are fun: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a low-brow evening: Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neill are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

TREAD SOFTLY.—If it wasn't for Yvonne Arnaud and Ronald Squire, one wouldn't be interested: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICKY.—Light and sentimental comedy for those who like it, with a Viennese label; Aileen Marson and Jack Melford are heroine and hero: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks and Julia Neilson get a grand round of laughs out of this comedy revived: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936.—A constellation of stars in a song-and-dance show de luxe: Empire.

COME OUT OF THE PANTRY.—Jack Buchanan and Fay Wray keep the ball rolling well in a new musical farce: London Pavilion.

EPISODE.—A post-war Vienna setting, with Paula Wessely as the art-student heroine (this performance won her the Volpi Cup): Academy.

HERE 'S TO ROMANCE.—A very musical musical, starring Nino Martini, with a cast including Anita Louise, Genevieve Tobin, and Reginald Denny. Also DON'T BET ON BLONDES, with Warren William and Claire Dodd: New Gallery.

LA BANDÉRA.—Annabella is in this melodrama with a Spanish setting, and Jean Gabin plays opposite her: Curzon.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—The Reinhardt production is spectacular, and even some Shakespeare fans like it: Adelphi, 2.30, 8.30.

OUR LITTLE GIRL.—Shirley Temple again disburses sunshine and love on a troubled domestic scene. Also CHARLIE CHAN IN EGYPT: Capitol.

PAGE MISS GLORY.—Marion Davis and Dick Powell in a story well larded with amusing situations and cheerful tunes: Regal (starting Friday).

SCROOGE.—Seymour Hicks takes the name-part in the latest version of Dickens's famous Christmas tale: Plaza.

STORM OVER ASIA.—Pudovkin's film starts a season of memorable Soviet pictures: Forum, Villiers Street.

TOP HAT.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers have a new dance; the music is Irving Berlin's; and the show is better than ever: Carlton.

THE TUNNEL.—A strong story of big finance, engineering marvels, and heroism. A notable cast is headed by Richard Dix and Leslie Banks: Tivoli.

TURN OF THE TIDE.—Simple and sincere story of life in a Yorkshire fishing village with John Garrick and Joan Maude topping the bill. Also ARMS AND THE GIRL: Marble Arch Pavilion.

WOMAN TAMER.—George Raft and Joan Bennett in a sophisticated story: Leicester Square Theatre.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI: to-night, 8.

LA BOHÈME: December 5th, 8.

THE BARTERED BRIDE: December 7th, 2.30.

FAUST.—With full ballet: December 7th, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

COPPELIA, BAISER DE LA FÉE: December 6th, 8.30.

RENDEZVOUS, BAISER DE LA FÉE, RAKE'S PROGRESS: December 10th, 8.30.

CONCERTS

Orchestral

R.P.S.—Harrison conducts the L.P.O.; Smetana's "Ultava," Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 12; Mozart's Violin Concerto in D major (Heifetz), Dvorak's Symphony No. 1: Queen's Hall, December 5th, 8.15.

BERLIN PHILHARMONIC.—Furtwangler conducting Haydn's Symphony in G major, Tchaikowsky's Fourth Symphony, Reger and Smetana: Albert Hall, December 8th, 3.

COURTAULD-SARGENT.—Malcolm Sargent conducts the L.P.O.; programme includes a Weber Clarinet Concerto (Reginald Kell), Bach Violin Concerto (Paul Beard), Schubert's B flat Symphony: Queen's Hall, December 9th and 10th, 8.15.

Recitals

SEGOVIA.—Guitar recital: Wigmore Hall, December 6th, 8.30.

CHAMBER MUSIC PLAYERS.—Sammons, Tertis, Kennedy, Murdoch, in a Brahms programme: Grotrian Hall, December 7th, 3.

JELLY D'ARANYI: Wigmore Hall, December 10th, 8.30.

TRIO DE LA COUR DE BELGIQUE.—Brahms, Ravel, Schubert: Aeolian Hall, December 5th, 8.30.

SOLOMON: Palladium, December 8th, 3.15.

EXHIBITION

CHINESE ART EXHIBITION.—Royal Academy, Burlington House, from November 28th.

(*Continued on page* F)

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Suvretta	„ 13	Arosa-Kulm	„ 17
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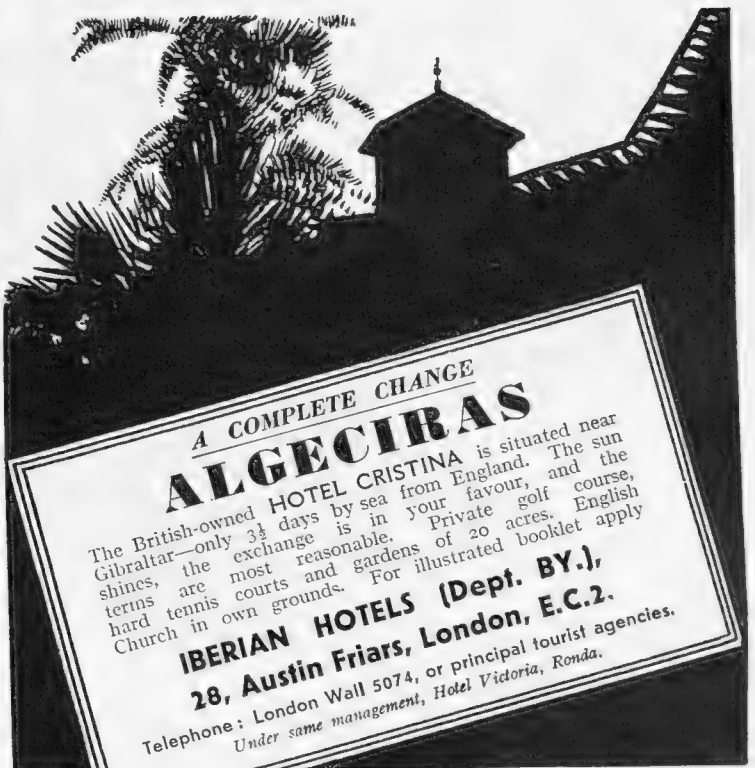

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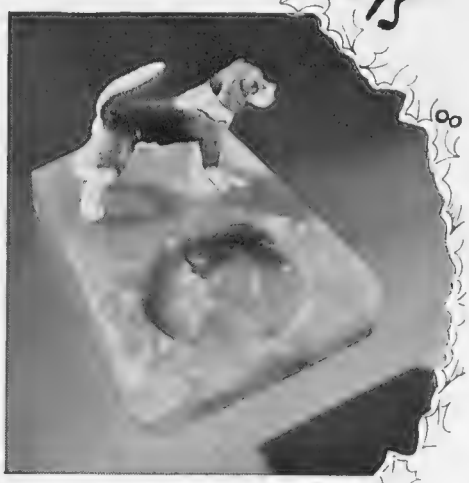

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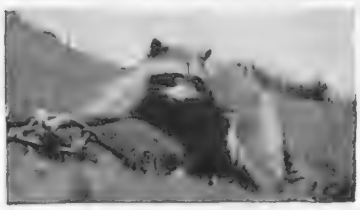

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What's On (*Continued from page D*)

DANCING AND DINING

CARLTON.—Renée Houston tops the all-star cabaret; Maurice Winnick's band plays: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—The new Follies show is excellently gay; Jack Jackson's band plays: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—*Un Peu de Paris* is the new show here; Syd Lipton plays dance music: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—The "Jardin Fleuri" includes good cabaret; Harry Roy plays for dancing: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—This is the place in the oyster season, and for all fish foods; the atmosphere is informal, and there 's no music.

RITZ.—Café chantant is restored to its original home; Joe Kayne's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—There 's no cabaret, but Mantovani's band is excellent; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

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A. G. Macdonell, D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Maurice Lane-Norcott have written stories and articles, and a number of pages in black and white and colour illustrate the originality and diversity of the best humorous artists. Walter Goetz, Patrick Bellew, Frank Ford, Hailstone, Ian Fenwick and Nicolas Bentley are some of them.

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